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CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	149
HOLIDAY REFLECTIONS ON THE GOVERNMENT	151
THE CHANGING CLASS STRUCTURE	151
MASS ASTROLOGY. By Tom Harrisson	152
L.C.C. HOSPITALS. By Ritchie Calder	154
AN OCCASIONAL LONDONER'S DIARY	155
THIS ENGLAND	156
ALL WHITE. By Y. Y.	157
RABINDRANATH TAGORE. By Edward Thompson	157
THE ENGLISH SCHOOL. By Raymond Mortimer	158
MELODRAMA. By William Whitebait	158
CORRESPONDENCE	159
From Leonard Woolf; Charles Green; A Private in the Royal Army Pay Corps; E. M. Forster; H. G. Baynes; Stephen King-Hall; Margaret E. Thomson; George Catlin.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By G. W. Stonier	161
REVIEWS:	Page
A Well-Deserving Enterprise. By Clive Bell	162
Detection. By Ralph Partridge	164
A New Branch of Learning. By J. G. Crowther	164
The Voice of Germany. By Georg Troeltsch	166
Bouquet	167
A Free Society. By Tom Paine	168
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	168
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Urbanus	170

ANGLO-AMERICAN STATEMENT

NEWS of the dramatic meeting of Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt on the high seas, and of their joint declaration, has reached us only at the moment of our going to press. The importance of the declaration is in the agreement between the British Empire and the U.S.A. on the principles of a peace settlement. The eight principles recall at first reading President Wilson's points, but perhaps they have this superiority over the points that they are not quite so definite. The most important is perhaps the third, in which they undertake to respect the right of all peoples to choose the form of government under which they will live, and this presumably will refer both to the victorious and to the defeated nations. We have always maintained that the importance of declaring peace aims consists in making it perfectly clear to the German people that once the Nazi regime is overthrown, Hitler out of the way, and a safeguard against future German aggression attained, the German people should be assured of a fair deal. The principles do give a promise of this in so far as they assure to the German people the right to choose their own form of government eventually, and under the fourth and fifth principles access on equal terms with the victors to the trade and raw materials of the world, and collaboration between all nations in the economic field. It is noticeable that the declaration says very little about any international organisation for peace. The sixth principle is merely a pious hope with regard to peace, and the seventh a rather vague aspiration with regard to the freedom of the seas. The eighth is more important, because it deals with the use of force. Here it seems that President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill do look forward to some form of international system like the League, for they speak of a wider and permanent system of general security, and they look forward, too, to the abandonment of the use of force by all nations. Meanwhile, however, they apparently envisage merely the disarmament of the aggressor nations. It is obvious from the earlier part of Mr. Attlee's statement that many other questions were discussed between the President and the Prime Minister with regard to the actual fighting of the war, and it is to be presumed that they were important, though no actual information is given with regard to the decision. That the meeting should have taken place at all is, however, itself a fact of the utmost importance, and it is an instance of Mr. Churchill's instinct for doing the right thing in the most dramatic way at the right moment.

HITLER'S NEXT MOVE

AFTER two months' sanguinary fighting on the eastern front the German High Command is confronted sharply with the problem of time. Whether or not it be true that Hitler counted on reaching Moscow by the end of July, it can be safely assumed that his invasion of Russia is running considerably behind schedule. Mid-August finds Odessa seriously threatened; but on the road to Moscow the pace of the German advance has barely equalled that of Napoleon, and farther north the defences of Leningrad have not yet been approached. In spite of heavy losses the three groups of Red armies appear to retain their cohesion and power to manoeuvre; the Russian Air Force is far from being knocked out; and in another ten weeks' time snow will be imminent in great parts of the U.S.S.R.

There is, however, a danger lest the public of Britain and the United States should imagine that Russia is "winning the war" and the German armies facing disaster. The German advance, though retarded, has never been halted; an autumn campaign in the southern Ukraine is practicable, and the German High Command has shown itself flexible and swift in meeting altered circumstances.

It looked, when Germany attacked Jugoslavia, as if Hitler meant to "pincer" Egypt from Lybia and Syria; to attack through Iraq to the Persian Gulf and to menace the Straits of Gibraltar from Spain and Morocco. If that was the plan, the invasion of Russia was a major change. It may have been undertaken because the operations against Greece and Crete took longer than was expected, and gave Britain time to crush Rashid Ali and occupy Iraq. Turkey's attitude may have caused delay. Or again, Japan may have stipulated for a German attack on Russia as a condition for making war in the Far East. In any case, the German plan for 1941 was revised three months ago; and Hitler is quite capable of another change in tactics. He may, having captured Odessa, attack the Crimea by air-borne

troops, or the Caucasus by sea, while the "tourists" in Iran stage a coup. He may invade Turkey direct, trusting to Crete and the pressure on Egypt to protect his flank. Or Germany may induce Japan to attack Malaya, the Dutch East Indies or the Maritime Province of the U.S.S.R., while threatening our sea communications by a diversion in Portugal and West Africa. We must prepare against all these, for it is an error to suppose that Germany will fear a war on two fronts.

With the French army *hors de combat*, Hitler is well aware that the risk of a two-front war in the 1914-17 phase is not immediate. For the moment—and it is for quick decisions that he plans—he holds a central position as master of the entire Continent: he can strike outwards at any selected point on its circumference. One thing only he cannot afford to do. He dare not allow a stabilised front in Russia to be built up. The idea that the German High Command's plan might be to deliver a few more heavy blows in the east and then to assume the defensive, containing the Red armies with, say, fifty divisions while the bulk of the German forces would be transferred to the west for an invasion of Britain, is preposterous.

Thus, whatever diversions—in Asia Minor or Iberia—Hitler may have in mind, it seems evident that at all costs he must maintain the pressure on the Red armies. Regardless of casualties (already probably well over the million mark) the tempo of the assault must be kept up, in the hope that before the snows fall the three main Russian army groups can be enveloped and disintegrated. For us the moral is clear: no matter what reserves of man-power we require to retain for the defence of these islands and for reinforcing our armies in the Middle East, it is worth taking almost any risk in augmenting Russia's resources in material and (above all) aircraft, both by despatching Empire supplies or, more easily, by renouncing our priority claims on U.S. production. Britain's destiny is being decided not at Dover but on the Dnieper.

New Moves by Vichy

The news from Vichy is both sinister and encouraging. It is encouraging to hear from Petain's own lips that opinion in France is particularly unfriendly to Darlan and that the B.B.C. and the de Gaullists are having so much effect that uneasiness and disunity are spreading there. The twelve measures announced by the Marshal as his method of dealing with this situation are sinister. He begins by putting greater powers into the hands of the unpopular, anti-British Darlan. The other measures are obviously intended to screw up the Fascist system of suppression and oppression which the Vichy clique is attempting to fasten on France. The most sinister are the suspension of all political activity, the increase in the number of police, and the increased powers given to Regional Governors. There is a curious incongruity between the ruthlessness of these measures and the plaintive weakness of the Marshal's speech.

Colour Bar and the Moyne Policy

The planning envisaged by Lord Moyne's recent statement covers a wide field. On the principle that he who pays the piper calls the tune, the Government can and must insist upon ensuring its effectiveness. This cannot be done while the colonial peoples are prevented from sharing in the development of their countries. The colour bar exists in various British territories, and in varying forms. The roads to the higher ranks of government office, to agricultural improvement, to industrial advance, may be marked "closed to natives." Instances of all three lie before us. The League of Coloured Peoples has published a correspondence with Lord Moyne on admission to the Colonial services, the regulations for which stipulated that candidates must be of European descent and British subjects. This has resulted in a revision; "British protected persons" and natives and residents in the Empire are now to be accepted as candidates. The wording still separates Europeans from others. The argument for this is apparently that in areas of indirect rule, such as Nigeria, tribal authorities would object to being advised by Nigerians from other parts of the country. But our first duty is to train Africans for self-government, and room must be found for educated and patriotic Africans and Islanders in the government of their own lands, or the whole process of modernisation will be perverted. The proposed land bill for Southern Rhodesia is an iniquitous instance of Nazi or South African racial discrimination. Of 96 million acres, 8 are scheduled as Native Area, with some 18 million more unassigned, which may be leased to White or African. The rest is European Area in which no native may lease or occupy land, save in town locations, that is, as labour, or as a tenant personally working for a white man. This means a future of segregation, or serfdom, for the people of a British colony. The refusal of the Northern Rhodesian Government to insist upon skilled work at skilled pay being open to natives in the Kakamega copper mines is fresh in our minds. Last week Sir Godfrey Huggins, the South Rhodesian Prime Minister, said that he and Lord Moyne had agreed to defer the matter of the amalgamation of the Rhodesias pending an examination of the differences of native administration in the two territories. This enquiry must be closely watched. The Colonial Secretary and the British Cabinet have no right to hand over British subjects to be ruled by a handful of settlers and mine-owners. Northern Rhodesia belongs fundamentally to its native people. We have sold the pass in Southern Rhodesia; but we must not continue the selling process. It is time that the Colonial Office should put up this notice in Downing Street and Africa: "No Colour-bar north of the Zambesi."

Parliament Rises (*By a Parliamentary Correspondent*)

The week before the summer recess was a distinctly bad one for the Government. A new element in the situation has emerged. The rank and file of the Labour Party, and some of their Front Bench speakers, are ceasing to be "yes" men. On Tuesday both Tom Smith from the Front Bench and the Labour Back Benchers roundly attacked the Government over the coal situation. On Wednesday Attlee made the statement on the war situation instead of the Prime Minister. Lees-Smith, who has got into the habit of speaking for the Government from the Front Opposition Bench, attacked the Government for our failure to carry out political warfare effectively. He admitted the realities of the military situation. "Whatever happens in Russia, Germany remains with one great advantage. She has round about 250 divisions, and it needs very little calculation to show that our man-power cannot provide an army approaching that figure. This is again where political warfare comes in. Even if Russia stands on the defensive successfully, that will not make it easy for us to conquer Europe by mere military means." For the first time one of the keenest supporters has given public expression to the feeling of many Members, "Thank God for Russia—where would we have been without it?" During the debate on agricultural wages on Thursday, Tom Smith demanded a 60*s.* minimum for agricultural workers. Every speaker who followed him spoke in the same sense. Hudson, in reply, washed the hands of the Government over the whole matter. In his view the question could be settled by the means of applications to the County Committees now, and through the Central Wages Board in November. Although the Government prevented agricultural workers from leaving the land for the factories, where they would get better wages, the Government would take no action to give the land workers equality of treatment *vis-à-vis* their industrial brethren. Shinwell, who had no intention of intervening in this debate, rose immediately after Hudson and made a speech against the Government, which was loudly applauded by Labour Members and others as he made his points. Hudson, who is usually impervious to criticism, looked thoroughly fed up. Indeed, all the Tory Members present wilted. Hudson admitted that he was speaking for the Labour Members of the Government. There is no question that Shinwell had the full support of the Labour Party when he said he was astonished and staggered by this revelation. The next meeting of the Parliamentary Labour Party will provide a difficult problem for the Labour leaders in the Government to tackle.

* * *

Where does the Government stand in relation to the House as Members disperse? Churchill's personal position has unquestionably been weakened. Yet the remarkable thing is that there is no organised opposition in the House. Shinwell, Aneurin Bevan, Silverman, Winterton, Clement Davies, Wardlaw Milne, are all attacking, but they are not in any sense of the word an organised opposition. They are not trying to bring Churchill down; they are genuinely trying to prop him up by doing everything they possibly can to save him from himself.

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HOLIDAY REFLECTIONS ON THE GOVERNMENT

IT is August and raining, as it nearly always does in England in August. The greatest war and the greatest battle of the greatest war in history are at their crisis. His Majesty's two Houses of Parliament have risen for the holidays, as they always do in August in England. We do not complain about this. Indeed, we note it with a certain amount of approval as in the English tradition. One hundred years ago, Guizot, when Ambassador here, in the middle of a European crisis was amazed to find that he could not get hold of any Minister or responsible person to whom he could communicate a decision of the French Government—they were all on holiday in the country. And it was the British, not the French, Government which came out of the crisis on top. There is something to be said for the habit of taking a holiday sometimes.

The Members of the House of Commons have earned theirs. Looking back over their work during the last three or six months, one sees that, even though there is in principle now no Opposition, the House has been extremely vigilant in its criticism of the Government, and that this incessant vigilance and criticism are vital at the present moment both for the preservation of our democratic type of Government and for ensuring efficient prosecution of the war.

It is to this latter point that we wish for the moment to direct attention. There is no Opposition in the technical sense in the House, if one excepts the Communist Party in the unitary person of Mr. Gallacher, and even Mr. Gallacher may perhaps since June 22nd be regarded as an Opposition supporting the Government in the prosecution of the war. Outside Mr. Gallacher, the other five Parties are in the Coalition Government. Mr. Lees-Smith acts for the purpose of parliamentary procedure as Leader of His Majesty's Opposition, but, in the peculiar circumstances of war and coalition, he rightly considers that the duty of the Opposition to oppose is in abeyance. And up to a few months ago it was true to say that there was no real Opposition and no real opposition to the Churchill Government.

But during the last few months a marked change has come over the House, as the week to week record of our Parliamentary Correspondent has shown. Members all over the House, and both on the Right and the Left, have become more and more critical of the Government. That criticism was so widespread and so vehement in the debate on Production that the Prime Minister fixed another debate in order himself to try to remove the damaging impression left by his critics. But coal, agriculture, labour have all provided almost as much food for articulate dissatisfaction.

It is foolish to exaggerate, as some people do, the volume and vehemence of the criticism on the shortcomings of the Government, but it is dangerous to under-estimate them. The Government's war effort is disappointing and on every side the machine creaks and groans instead of running smoothly and efficiently. The criticism is becoming more and more directed against the Prime Minister, and that in itself shows that, if things are allowed to drift further in the same direction, a dangerous situation may soon develop.

Those who blame the shortcomings of the Government on Mr. Churchill have some justification. The failure of the war effort is mainly a failure in administration, a failure to co-ordinate. This is evident over the whole field of operations. In the Production debates the demand of so many M.P.s for a Minister of Production arose from a realisation that there is still desperate need of co-ordination in this crucial part of the field. But it is the same tale in almost every department of government. The coal muddle is due to a lack of co-ordination between the Mines Department, which requires miners in order to mine coal, and the War Office who calls them up, puts them in the army, and refuses to release them. The imbroglio at the Ministry of Information is due to the same causes; the Services and the Foreign Office go their own sweet way, each with its own views about propaganda, and the Ministry of Information is given no powers to co-ordinate. Again, the same thing is seen in the failure to co-ordinate the activities of the Ministers of Food and Agriculture.

In all these cases the Prime Minister has come out in favour of the *status quo* and opposed to co-ordination. Hence he has naturally concentrated the criticism and opposition upon himself. In this he is taking a course dangerous to the efficient prosecution of the war and to the stability of his Government. There is no real opposition to him as Prime Minister, no idea of "turning him out," and he remains the undisputed leader of nation and Empire in the war. But Mr. Churchill is and always has been a statesman, not an administrator. He is a statesman of the nineteenth century type, and that was why he showed himself a supremely good leader at the crisis of last year. He can do the right dramatic act of statesmanship at the right moment, such as slipping off to confer with President Roosevelt. He is still indispensable as leader of a united nation in war. But modern war cannot be won by this kind of leadership alone. It requires the most efficient large-scale administration, which means large-scale co-ordination of the whole machine of man-power and production—and one should add, of the machine of information and propaganda. Mr. Churchill must rise once more above himself and put the country yet more in his debt by realising this and putting the necessary co-ordinating and administrative powers into the hands of administrators. That kind of co-ordination is not his job, and he is mistaken in thinking that it is. By devolving it upon others, he will not diminish his own powers, but increase them, for his hands will be freed for his real job, the higher strategy of the war and the leading of a united nation.

THE CHANGING CLASS STRUCTURE

IN modern large-scale industry, one set of persons owns, another works under orders, and yet another manages. Only in small businesses do ownership and management now, to any considerable extent, rest in the same hands: in large family businesses, though members of the owning family may play an active part in the management, most of the managerial staff are salaried employees. Their remuneration may or may not depend partly on the year-by-year success of the business in making profits: even if it does, they live mainly on salaries. Management is an increasingly important profession, or rather a whole group of professions, each with its own specialised kind of training. There are indeed very many managers who have never been trained for their jobs; but to a growing extent the younger men come into the profession armed with the fruits of a technical or commercial training acquired at a technical college, or a polytechnic, or in one of the commercial departments of a university.

To a substantial extent, the growth of these kinds of training has narrowed the prospects of promotion for those who enter industry as manual or ordinary clerical workers. Despite evening classes, it is not easy for a boy who has left school at fourteen to work his way up to an important administrative position. That is partly why able men who find the road blocked so often drift away from large-scale industry into small businesses where they can hope to be their own masters—garages, electrical and wireless shops, even any branch of the distributive trades. What else are they to do, if they are not content to remain manual workers or clerks for the rest of their lives, now that the untrained man, in a professional sense, is no longer in favour with big business? Of course, promotions from the ranks do occur; but the chance of getting promoted comes to look smaller and smaller.

This tendency is quite unavoidable under the existing conditions. The expanding industries are for the most part technically difficult for the man who aspires to managerial status without having passed through a recognised training; and the commercial and advertising sides also develop more and more their own specialised techniques. The numbers of technical and managerial workers expand very much faster than the numbers of manual workers engaged in direct production; but this does not mean easier promotion for the individual. It does mean that the managerial grades are steadily recruited from among the children of manual workers; but this is a very different thing.

Altogether too little attention is paid to the effects of these changes on the class-structure of industry. The managerial grades, including the lower ranges, tend to become more differentiated in social habit and outlook from the main body of manual workers.

The difference is not mainly that they speak with different accents, or wear different clothes, or even that they live in different types of houses, and in some cases in different suburbs built to suit persons of a particular kind and range of incomes. Indeed, in all these respects there has been in recent years a certain tendency towards assimilation between the better-paid manual workers and the lower ranges of "management." The crucial difference is rather that they adopt, consciously or unconsciously, a social attitude and an attitude to business which shut them off from close communication with the main body of the manual workers. Almost untouched, save in a very few occupations, by Trade Unionism, they remain strong individualists in their social outlook. They have no standard rates of pay, and no certain status to which they feel themselves to be permanently attached. Their fortunes, unlike those of most manual workers, are bound up with prospects of personal promotion; and their best chance of

achieving a higher status seems usually to lie in making themselves well thought of by their immediate superiors in the industrial hierarchy.

The effect of this difference of attitude between the managerial grades and the manual workers is apt to be not so much a worsening as a disappearance of human relations.

The old-style manager promoted from the ranks was often a nigger-driver, and often on very bad terms with the men. He had commonly no use for the eight-hours' day, or for rest pauses, or for any of the things that go collectively by the name of "welfare." He did not mince his words, and quite often he did not resent being answered back in kind. The new-style manager, on the other hand, at any rate if he is near the top of the tree, is quite likely to be concerned about "welfare," and to have notions about organising the works so as to elicit the "team-spirit." But he is a remote figure, in respect of personal contacts; and even the "welfare manager," where there is one, seldom knows the individual workers as the old-style owner-manager often knew them. There are, of course, exceptions; but, broadly, the generalisation holds.

It is, however, in the lower ranks of management that the cessation of human relations with the manual workers is apt to be most complete. This results partly from specialisation, and partly from deliberate policy of the management as a whole, but mainly from the changing methods of recruitment and ways of living. There is not necessarily ill-feeling between the "black-coats" and the ordinary workers: much oftener there is simply no feeling at all.

Politically, the implications of the new régime have often been commented upon. It has been said that every holder of a petty diploma or technical qualification is a potential Fascist, who may become, in defence of his slightly privileged status, a violent enemy of democracy, especially in times of economic depression. But there has been much less comment on the consequence of the changing social structure in industry itself. Fully as much as the growing mechanisation of productive processes, it tends to dehumanise the atmosphere of the factory, so that, where the want is felt—often it is not felt at all—various artificial expedients have to be resorted to in the hope of bringing back the human spirit.

It might be supposed that the group of highly skilled workers, holding an intermediate position between the lower grades of management and the general body of manual workers, would do something to maintain human contacts. In fact, this seems to be very little the case. The highly skilled manual worker, in a mass-production factory, tends to become cut off from the less skilled routine workers as well as from the managerial groups, so as to form the nucleus of yet another distinct social grade. Social stratification throughout the industrial system becomes even more complicated as the technicality of production advances.

The moral to be drawn from these facts of modern industrialism depends upon fundamental political and social outlooks. For those who dislike democracy there is no problem; for the tendency furthers their hopes, and stands powerfully in the way of any concerted effort by those who are indispensable to production to bring the control of it into their own hands. It helps to prevent the spread of Socialism, by holding the workers "by hand and brain" apart in separate groups, which can co-operate neither politically nor in matters of economic policy. For democrats, on the other hand, the problem is serious; for the successful working of democracy involves the existence of a strong community of sentiment, and sentiment of community, reaching across the barriers of difference of productive status and function. No real democrat can see without dismay the tendency towards segregation of social attitudes between manual and managerial grades—a tendency which grows stronger in despite of assimilation in ways of living outside the factory.

This segregation is, to a great extent, a by-product of capitalism. It is of great importance for the upholders of the profit system to keep the managerial grades, lower as well as higher, from coalescing either politically or economically with the manual workers. As long as capitalism can represent itself as a "going concern" this is fairly easy; for the main body of managerial workers will tend to ally itself with the classes on which the prospects of advancement for its individual components chiefly depend. But an altogether different situation would arise if it were to become plain that the profit-makers could no longer offer a reasonable prospect of advancement, and that, over a large part of the field of economic enterprise, the future lay rather with public than with private capitalist employment. This would not, of itself, bring the managerial grades over into alliance with the manual workers; but it would provide an opportunity of which the Trade Union leaders and the Labour Party could readily take advantage, if they showed a wide enough vision and a ready enough adaptability.

Already, under the various "controls" and Government agencies created under war conditions—the new emergency building organisation may be cited as one example among many—a good many men who have hitherto worked as the salaried servants of profit-making business are learning to work as public servants. This may not immediately have much effect on their attitude to the manual workers, or to Trade Unionism—especially if the Trade Unions fail to take advantage of the opportunity which the new situation presents, and to throw themselves wholeheartedly into the effort to create a new relationship. But many Trade Unionists are, in fact, now occupying public positions of trust, in close association with the erstwhile managers of capitalist business. It is possible by the collaboration of these two groups to go far towards the development of a common attitude of public service, and to carry along with those who are actually working together in this way a large body of their colleagues, both among manual workers and in the managerial grades. This is the more possible, because it is plain that in many industries—the constructional industries especially—a continuance of public enterprise will be unavoidably necessary for a considerable time after the war. There must be a host of managerial workers who are already very doubtful whether they will ever return to their pre-war jobs as servants of capitalist business. These men are not merely potential converts to Socialism, but also potential leaders of a much greater body of managerial opinion that might be converted to a broadly Socialist attitude.

Whether or not this conversion will occur depends largely on the Trade Unions. If they—leaders and members together—throw themselves energetically into the war effort, without forgetting their Socialist convictions, they can become immensely powerful agents for the conversion of the managerial grades. They can do this not by laying aside their Socialism, but by asserting, and proving by act and deed, its indispensability as an instrument for the effective prosecution of the war on the economic front. That they should do this is not only necessary to victory, but also the most practical step that can be taken towards laying sure foundations for democratic reconstruction. For the managers, as a social class, will on the whole back what looks like being the winning horse. They will rally to the Socialist solution of the economic problem precisely to the extent to which the manual workers and their organisations can convince them that they are set on securing efficiency and expanding production, and are not standing blindly for the retention of traditional practices, and thus obstructing industrial reorganisation rather than seeking to promote it in the interests of more efficient and better planned production, in war and peace alike.

MASS ASTROLOGY*

TO-DAY more people follow their fate (or Hitler's) in the stars, as interpreted by astrologers, than follow the day-to-day news of God (or Satan) as outlined by his archbishops and vicars. Since 1930, when Naylor started in the *Sunday Express*, astrology has become an extensive British interest. In several newspapers it is now roughly as influential as the editorial column, so far as women (the majority of the population) are concerned. Its greatest influence comes through the Sunday press—all mass Sunday papers run it, but Archidamus of the *Daily Mail* and Ann Maritza of the *Mirror* are also very important. Most women's journals, many monthly periodicals, plug astrology. There are thousands of private astrologers doing extensive business by correspondence; of the several versions of Old Moore's Almanack one alone sells 3,000,000 copies annually. Specialised astrological booklets and magazines have sales running into hundreds of thousands.

Sunday astrologers Naylor of the *Express* and Lyndoe of the *People* have far and away the biggest followings in the country. They rank at the sub-Churchill level of leadership along with Gable, Hickey, Hylton, Hilton, Hulton, Formby, Flanagan, Allen, and Ernest Brown. Their predictions are repeatedly mentioned in conversation and used in argument among people of all classes and in all parts of the country. A sample of Naylor's technique from the *Sunday Express* on sale a few hours after Germany invaded Russia:

Don't count upon operations there being held up because of differences

* This contribution does not reflect on astrology as a means of prediction. It is concerned only with the social effects of contemporary mass astrology irrespective of astrological theory, accuracy or intention.

between Stalin and Hitler. I still hold to my forecast that they won't quarrel yet. . . .

Turkey has just "signed on the dotted line" with Germany. Now, on April 27th, I told you: "Germany and Soviet Russia between them will 'fix' Turkey by a combination of back-stage diplomacy, terrorist tactics and enveloping movements."

Naylor dealt with this slip the following week:

That Soviet Russia and the U.S. would somehow link up has often been predicted here. It has come to pass in this unexpected way, for both face the same aggressor. The link-up is sure to involve China.

Similarly, the other most influential astrologer, Lyndoe, wrote in the *People* on this Soviet Sunday:

Shuffle and squirm as they will, Stalin and his junta cannot escape. Russia is in for another blood-bath and the counter-revolution will not fail this time.

The following week, he started his column:

Why the surprise about Russia? Both the German attack and the link-up with Britain were announced here in 1939.

Originally astrology was one of the two general means at the disposal of the priests for ascertaining the will and intention of the gods. In its early, pre-Christian stages it was limited to public welfare and the interests of the community. In the twentieth century the territory of astrology has been vastly extended, through its popular success and through ever-increasing pressure of market competition between the different astrologers, so that it now covers practically everything that could conceivably be predicted, advised or supposed about the future *and* the past. For instance, the most serious astrological journal (*Astrology*), after detailed astro-psychiatric research, has maintained that neurotic depression is due to birth at the moment when Saturn is elevated in mid-heaven, with the moon 120 degrees distant from Saturn beneath the descendant in the fifth or sixth House.

So much for the background of contemporary astrology. Against this background Mass-Observation has conducted, over the past three months, a detailed study of the extent and nature of astrological belief among ordinary people. The following is a necessarily brief summary of the results:

(1) Nearly two-thirds of the adult population glance at or read some astrological feature more or less regularly (July). About four out of ten have some degree of belief or interest in astrology, often slight. This figure is made up mainly of women.

(2) Interest and belief have tended steadily to increase since the war.

(3) The quality of belief is complex, often superficial and generally confused. Press astrology is itself so individualist, wide and changeable, as to encourage this. The mixture of commonsense personal advice with international interpretation of developing events, gives mass astrology a multiple appeal, and it is possible to reject one part and accept another.

(4) Total devotees of astrology are comparatively rare, but there are quite a number of them, mostly among working-class women, like this Lyndoe fan:

I think astrology is the most reliable way of telling the future. Astrologers are so often right. I read him *and* study him regularly, and I find it's a great help . . . things don't seem to go wrong anywhere near so much as before I started reading him. I really have great faith in him. I certainly think it's the only way of getting near the truth—it's thousands of years old and people have trusted, so I don't see why I shouldn't now. I plan by him. If he said I'd get run over on a certain day if I went out, *I would never leave the house even to go into the garden.*

(5) There is a considerable amount of shame about admitting you believe at all in astrology. Very frequent are comments like this one from a person asked if she believed at all:

Good heavens, no. Of course I often read the forecasts and I always look at my birthday. Sometimes they aren't bad. I think Naylor is quite good. They were all very bad when the war broke out, because they all said there wouldn't be one. I think I really realised for the first time how bad they were, didn't you think so? . . . Of course, if I read that I might have a terrible accident *it would make me nervous*, but I don't really believe in them.

(6) The *depth* of belief ranges all the way from occasional humorous interest to fanaticism. But after studying hundreds of comments and conversations, it is impossible to doubt that astrology is now a very considerable influence in determining the minor decisions of many private lives, and an appreciable contributory factor in influencing attitudes to wider, international events.

(7) The reasons for belief or interest are complex. Briefly, astrology offers to the ordinary person:

(i) Commonsense advice about oneself.
(ii) Conservative guidance, largely telling people to look after their own interests carefully.
(iii) A reflection of oneself (and, indirectly, flattery therefrom).
(iv) The excitement of "coincidence" and "luck," when predictions come right.
(v) Constant emphasis on the bright side (both personally and national). Astrologers almost unanimously predicted NO WAR and have since often predicted that the war will be over well before August, 1941.
(vi) Simple explanations of the *reasons* for what is happening in this complex, sudden world.
(vii) Some degree of forewarning of what may be expected to happen next.
(viii) A gambler's chance (at least) in prediction possibilities; and associated with this, a sort of general, racing tipster, interest in affairs.
(ix) A crude code for day-to-day behaviour, and a crude focus on the better aspects of the future.
(x) An element of "science" and scientific validity plus an element of mystery and history and myth.
(xi) "Fun" and readable writing (Lyndoe is a superb journalist).

(8) Above all, the obligations of astrology are negative and negligible. You do not need to have any social contact, cash-transfer, unselfishness, moral code, co-operation or consistency to follow its advice—like this for people born between July 24th and August 23rd (birthday advice is a feature of practically all astrological items):

Open air and exercises are necessary to you this week, and at least one romantic episode will come your way out of doors. A new boy-friend is going to expect a lot from you; in fact, he will probably annoy you by treating you more like a boy than a girl. However, this will be a compliment from him. Gold and violet for luck.

(9) Similarly, the effort of interest and belief is minimal. Anyone, however apathetic or ignorant, can be in some degree interested, without becoming engrossed, and without taking any permanent, definite or outward stand about anything. And there is no service, even on Sunday.

(10) The degree of disillusion in astrology's international predictions does not correspond to the frequent major errors made. This is largely because people want to believe something good, and get pleasure from expecting something good, even if it doesn't happen.

(11) Further, people want to believe in something which at least appears to interpret events and trends in the complex and dangerous civilisation in which uneducated people find themselves confused, worried, many of their certainties weakened. Mass astrology reflects the underlying insecurity and worry of the post-1930 years. It offers immediate, temporary (but continually renewed and rearranged) antidotes.

What is the effect of all this? Astrology is essentially conservative (in the strict sense of the word), sedative, private, unsocial. The events of 1941 are explained by the birth moments of the principal characters—Churchill, Hitler, Stalin, Roosevelt. The principal operative factor in world history is the moment of birth of each individual in it; and the individuals who come to the top can only do so if born at right moments—the fortunate aristocracy of time. There are elaborations around this theme, but it is fundamental in astrology, and astrological theory is based firmly upon it. Such theory, whether correct or not, is opposed to the trend of scientific thought in the past century; of liberal and socialist thought, too. Probably few astrologers realise this, but it comes out very frequently in their work. For instance, we can trace the extreme right-wing of astrology into Rosicrucianism, British Israelites, Social Credit, Yogi and Parliament Christian. Lyndoe characteristically starts his latest best-seller (*Your Next Ten Years*) with a long quotation from Arthur Bryant, and his first and principal prediction is "the sudden emergence of a World Leader. . . . His coming in the early part of the year (1941) is as plainly indicated as was the original star of Bethlehem's humble focus."

The people who believe in astrology are ordinary human beings, average civilised citizens. They are reacting in a normal way to this time, when spiritual and moral satisfactions and goals are inadequate to the human need. The remarkably rapid development of astrology on to its present mass basis is a symptom of the mental condition of people (especially housewives) in Britain, a condition of material progress, immaterial regress.

Our detailed investigations show (statistically) that astrology asserts a temporary steadying influence. The immediate effect is favourable to morale. Women who believe in astrology tend to be appreciably more cheerful, confident and calm than those who do not (June–July).

But the long-term effect is to stress fantasy confidences rather than real ones, and to emphasise the personal interest rather than the common interest. Here we come into the area of hypothesis and debate. It is a debate which should, I suggest, be actively conducted in the minds and companies of all those concerned with the post-war world. At present, the filling of certain psychological needs is being left to the initiative of enterprising journalists and enthusiastic mystics, who are not necessarily concerned with the long-term interests or the spiritual health of the community at large.

TOM HARRISSON

L.C.C. HOSPITALS

THE hospital system of this country has changed before our eyes and that, at the moment, without any political stimulus. The development of something approaching a comprehensive and integrated hospital service is rapidly replacing, even in the minds of the advocates of the voluntary system, the muddle of isolated and competing units. The war and the need for rapid, original and efficient treatment of war victims brought into being that hybrid organisation, the Emergency Medical Service, and, giving effect to the recommendations of the Sankey Commission on Voluntary Hospitals, which was set up by the hospitals themselves, the Nuffield Hospital Trust is financing a regional and pooling system. This will do in a more direct way what the King Edward VII Fund has done for London's hospitals in centralising their appeals and their finances.

No one pretends that the Emergency Medical Service, even as a wartime measure, has been satisfactory. It was another piece of appeasement by the Appeasement Government. It delivered the key positions of the service over to the voluntary hospitals, making the municipal hospitals the maids of all work. It gave the nominees of the voluntary hospitals autonomy, even within the Ministry itself. It made the big teaching hospitals and the Deans thereof the focal points of the sector system into which the whole hospital service, voluntary and municipal, was organised. Few of the people put into these highly responsible executive positions had any experience of large-scale hospital organisation comparable with that of, say, the officers of the L.C.C. hospitals. Indeed, the municipal officers had to be imported into the Emergency Medical Service in secondary positions in the interests of efficiency. One thing I do know is that many of the nominees of the voluntary hospitals who were appointed have been converted to the conception of the municipal hospital. In any event, the ideas of all of them have been drastically modified as a result of their war experience.

Just before the war, the Dean of a famous voluntary hospital spent hours raging at me about "clockwatchers." He talked about "the atrophy of economic security," and, of course, "no good work ever came out of a municipal hospital." He is now in charge of one of the ten sectors into which the Metropolitan Area is divided under the Emergency Medical Service. If he has not changed his opinion it is difficult to see how he can make his sector function, because his sector, like any other sector in London, has to rely substantially on the efficiency of the network of L.C.C. and other municipal hospitals.

If anything is needed to justify the arguments for a co-ordinated and publicly controlled hospital service, the London County Council, in wartime, has provided ample evidence. On the whole, it has had a raw deal, because the voluntary hospitals, dependent as they are on their shop-window display for finance, have seen to it that such limelight as is going is monopolised by them. The public are allowed to take their own hospitals, that is the L.C.C. hospitals, for granted. Needless to say, the flag-seller, coaxing the ratepayers to give charity to the voluntary hospitals, does not remind them that they themselves already own and run the largest and most comprehensive hospital service in the world. He cashes-in on the tribulations of the charity hospitals under "blitz" conditions, but ignores the fact that the L.C.C. hospitals have suffered to an even greater degree and have still had to carry the major burden of the civilian sick, *as well as nearly half the war casualties*. The L.C.C. hospitals, within the County itself, have been very badly hit. None of them has escaped. The Council nurses and staffs, who get little publicity, have behaved in the most praiseworthy way, have faced the dangers at least on equal terms with their voluntary colleagues and have, thank heavens, escaped with an incredibly low casualty list. Indeed, the figures I have been shown of the casualties both to the staff and to the patients in the bombarded hospitals are evidence of one of the miracles of this war. It is almost incredible that in the wrecked hospitals which I have visited, the staff could have handled the patients and saved them in the way they have done. One day the full story will be told and that will be to the everlasting glory of the nursing, medical and other personnel.

To conceive the extent and the importance of the part which the L.C.C. hospitals are playing in the war, it is necessary to know the great scope of the system. At the beginning of the war, the L.C.C. hospital service consisted of 97 hospitals with beds for 72,000 patients and employing a staff of over 30,000. The 44 general hospitals provided 23,500 beds, the 32 special hospitals 14,000 beds and the 21 mental hospitals and institutions for mental defectives 34,500. The yearly number of in-patients who received treatment in the Council's hospitals was approximately 300,000. The yearly number of out-patients was 193,000. The Council hospitals thus cared for a tenth of the London County area population.

The hospital system as a whole then provided treatment for every variety of chronic and acute illness, including mental and nervous disorders. Attached to many of the hospitals there were units for highly specialised work. There were clinics for plastic surgery, for diabetes, for heart trouble, for the treatment of cancer. There were institutions for children's ailments. One of these, on the edge of London's Green Belt, is the Queen Mary's Hospital, which I have lately visited under wartime conditions. Its average peacetime admissions were 1,875 yearly. On the outbreak of war, it received 400 children in one day, and its function is now to act as a reservoir for children from all London hospitals. Since the first inrush of the war period, it has received them steadily through the Emergency Medical Service, relieving congestion at the centre by setting beds free for bomb casualties and solving accommodation problems following air-raid damage.

But that is not all. The normal work of Queen Mary's, with its special units for treatment of tuberculosis, rheumatism, poliomyelitis, dietetic and other disorders of infancy, has carried on, at least as far as humanly possible. It is still equipped with all essential ancillary departments. It is still a centre for the most efficient specialised treatments, all still available for children.

At the outbreak of war, the authorities made preparations for large numbers of beds in London hospitals to receive air-raid casualties. Under the Emergency Hospital Scheme, the Ministry of Health divided the metropolitan area into ten sectors, each radiating from its centre to a distance of some 50 miles into the Home Counties. Within each sector, the facilities of every hospital, large or small, municipal or voluntary, were mobilised. Each had its headquarters established on the outskirts. Beds were added in large numbers. And 76 of every 100 beds earmarked for casualties throughout the whole area were located in municipal hospitals.

Since the very first day of war there has been no relaxation in any L.C.C. hospital of the work of caring for ordinary patients. Side by side with extensive preparations for air-raid casualties normal treatment for normal ailments has gone on. Now, as before, it is the legal duty of the Council to admit any patient who requires treatment. Even when the blitz was at its worst, this duty was not evaded. In fact, evacuation and disruption of normal family life have made for a considerable increase in chronic cases. Following a heavy demand for admission of civilian sick, both acute and chronic cases, inroads on beds reserved for casualties have been inevitable. Despite this pressure of civilian work, L.C.C. hospitals in the London area have treated nearly half the air-raid casualties that have been admitted to hospital.

The hospitals which have carried on this great work for raid victims have themselves been raided. There have been 450 air-raid incidents involving the larger proportion of the 97 hospitals. Some of the damage has been heavy, some only slight, but even where it has been slight, it has called for hard work. Sick people cannot be nursed in wards with broken windows or with damaged black-out. Repairs have to be started as soon as daylight comes. The work has to go on so that it is finished before the time for black-out comes round again. Where damage has been too serious for first-aid repairs, drastic reorganisation of the hospital has to be planned. Again and again the patients have to be evacuated to other hospitals, in co-operation with the sector officers, while a raid is going on.

Part of the explanation of the very low casualty list and the negligible injury to patients has been the wise use of buildings, but the heroism of the staff has been responsible to an extent which the public has never fully realised. For example, one large County hospital in the heart of London was hit by a high explosive bomb during the blitz. The bomb demolished an unoccupied ward block. Two blocks on either side were also damaged. Black-out was down and services were interrupted. While the raid still raged, all the staff lent a hand in moving the patients to safer parts of the hospital. Next morning rough repairs were carried out and the black-out was ready again before darkness fell. A fortnight later, the damaged wards were in use again, when another heavy H.E. demolished the laundry and the boiler-house. By a miracle, in neither of these cases was anyone killed or seriously injured. But this time the hospital had to be entirely evacuated. Three weeks later it was in use again, but after only a few days' work yet another bomb scored a direct hit, severely damaging one block. Once again the hospital had to be evacuated. Once again it was repaired. Once again it received another direct hit. But still it carried on. The damage was put right again and to-day it is still taking in both air-raid victims and civilian sick.

Then there is the famous case of Dolphin, the hospital porter who was posthumously awarded the George Cross. Dolphin was on duty at an L.C.C. hospital in South-East London the night the ward kitchens were hit and nurses killed. One nurse was thrown through a collapsing ceiling on to the ground floor passage. Dolphin and others rushed to rescue her as she lay pinioned by a block of masonry. While they worked to release her, the wall above them began to crack and they jumped clear as it fell—except Dolphin, who was found, when the dust had settled, dead across the nurse's body, protecting it with his own. They rescued her alive and they all knew that his sacrifice had been deliberate.

The London County Council does not complain about the way in which the voluntary hospitals have unquestionably "passed the buck" to it during the war. But it is time the public realised that this is what is happening. Both in the blitz, in terms of casualties, and in the lull, in terms of the civilian sick, the voluntary hospitals have exploited to the full the statutory obligation of the L.C.C. to provide institutional treatment for those who need it. Doctors have complained to me that, while the beds in the voluntary hospitals are being (at a price paid by the Ministry of Health) kept for war casualties, urgent cases of civilian sick are being re-posted to the nearest County hospital. The Ministry of Health is not unaware of this and has, from time to time, intimated a willingness to reduce the number of beds kept empty in voluntary hospitals for the reception of air-raid casualties. The attitude of the voluntary hospitals is rather like a taxi driver preferring to be paid for waiting time than for driving and using his petrol.

Another aspect of this is the fact that the out-lying L.C.C. and other municipal institutions—including the mental hospitals, whose patients were drastically concentrated in order to provide for the evacuated sick and for use as base hospitals for casualties—have been the mainstay of the E.M.S. system. In these institutions voluntary and municipal doctors work harmoniously side by side, but the municipal doctor is a whole-time and generally a resident doctor, while most voluntary doctors serve only as required and in many cases maintain a private practice as well as the E.M.S. job (thanks to the smallness of the casualties so far.)

I have been round these hospitals and can testify to the excellent work that is being done there. One of the most heartening things I have seen in this war is the L.C.C. Emergency Hospital where the neurotic cases both from the Fighting Services and from the blitz are being restored to health by the latest and most individual methods. At this hospital I was shown a film illustrating a remarkable process of restoring cases which, a few years ago, would have finished in an asylum, but which, by these methods, become normal citizens again. There too they have the latest electro-encephalograph. This is a modern device which was largely developed at Maudsley L.C.C. hospital. It is based on the work of the scientist Berger, who discovered "rhythm" in the electric pulses generated by the brain, and on the work of Professors Sherrington and Adrian who were awarded the Nobel Prize for their study of the electric pulses of the nerves and brain cells. By this device, which is a very simple one, of clamping on a "perm" frame such as women use for waving, electrodes, fixed on the frame, press on the scalp. These electrodes pick up the minute electric pulses from the brain cells. The pulses are magnified sufficiently to operate the recording machine which draws pictures of the waves emanating from the brain. From the behaviour of these waves, the modern psychiatric expert can discover the location of tumours, lesions and other defects producing mental conditions. This machine is, I believe, the only one now in the London region.

There, too, they use insulin to produce controlled coma in which the patient's mental condition can be relaxed and "healed." There are many other modern techniques employed and one of the greatest healers has been the proper feeding of the patients. That has been one of the things in which the L.C.C. has for many years been pre-eminent. In peacetime it appointed food advisers as well as dietetic experts, so that, not only could the special diets prescribed by doctors be provided, but the notorious monotony and bad catering of meals in hospitals be avoided.

The L.C.C. has shown that, within twelve years since the passing of the 1929 Act which handed over the Poor Law institutions and other hospitals to the local authorities, it has been possible to transform the bleak and mean infirmary system into the most modern and up-to-date and highly efficient hospital service. It is one of the great social reforms of our time and it is one of the factors which should dominate any argument as between the voluntary and municipal hospital when the reconstructed medical services are re-organised, as they must be, after the war

RITCHIE CALDER

AN OCCASIONAL LONDONER'S DIARY

THE Premier said last month that if the people of London were asked to vote for a convention banning the bombing of all cities, the overwhelming majority would cry "No." It was time that the Germans should be made to suffer in their own homeland and cities something of the torment which they had let loose upon their neighbours. I suggest that Mr. Churchill is (1) wrong as to fact. The recent public canvass survey showed that a large majority both in London and in other heavily bombed cities is against reprisals. (2) Subversive as to morals. To repay suffering with suffering in kind, for the mere sake of repaying it—he's hurt me, therefore I must hurt him, in fact—is repugnant to morals and to religion, apart from the fact that it is disingenuous to show your disapproval of a dictatorship of gangsters by revenging yourself on its innocent victims. How warmly, for once, do I agree with the Archbishop of Canterbury: "It is one thing to bomb military objectives and to cripple war industries . . . but it is a very different thing to adopt the infliction of loss and suffering as a deliberate policy . . . in any such competition with the enemy we are bound to lose, for there are some limits below which we cannot fall without violating the best and oldest instincts of the British character." (3) Mistaken as to expediency since (*a*) nothing is better calculated to identify the cause of all Germans with that of Hitlerite Germany than the demonstration that all Germans are equally involved, bound together by the bond of common suffering. One wonders why the Prime Minister should expend so much ingenuity in furnishing every German from Baden to East Prussia with a motive for 100 per cent. solidarity with the Nazis. (*b*) The "new freedom and glory for all mankind" to which Mr. Churchill looks forward is unlikely to spring from the seeds of hatred which Mr. Churchill, in sponsoring a policy of indiscriminate destruction, will sow. I take these considerations from the admirable letter which the National Peace Council has recently addressed to the Prime Minister.

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"We shall aid and stir the peoples of every conquered country to resist and revolt." Now Mr. Churchill is talking! And how are we to "aid and stir," unless we indicate the outlines of the world for which we ask them to revolt? I do not wish to harp indefinitely on the "Peace Aims" string, but I cannot resist the temptation of giving it a couple of plucks. (1) It is not enough to praise the U.S.S.R. for fighting a patriotic war of national self-defence; we must man the ideological front which the Russians and ourselves hold in common, and boost its strong points as an alternative programme to Hitler's New Order. (2) If post-war conflict between the victorious powers is to be avoided, Great Britain, the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A. must work out in advance the fundamentals of common action and common policy when the war ends, which means that we must publish joint peace aims now. These considerations I take from the admirable document *The Soviet Union and the War*, published by the 1941 Committee. It's a good committee and it deserves the support of all good men. It is a pity that it has no power. Why hasn't it? Because the world for which it and Priestley stand, though individually talented and sometimes influential, has neither discipline nor cohesion. The "Right" is solid, because stupid. The 1941 Committee symbolises the predicament of the "Left" in being a collection of extremely intelligent bricks without any "stupid-solid" mortar to cement them. Is the battle, one wonders, always to go to the stupid because only the stupid can combine?

* * *

It is difficult not to feel a thrill of delighted admiration for the Russian broadcasts. Their direct appeal to the loathing of war felt by the common people everywhere, their convincing demonstration that war is an activity from which no common man gains and every common man loses, their reiteration of the obvious fact that what the common people everywhere want is peace, security, a good job, a square meal, a little leisure and the right to do what they like with it without interference by bullying officials—all this is conveyed in terms of simple and moving eloquence which common people everywhere can understand. The Russians have brought to the surface of men's minds the almost forgotten fact that individuals are real and States figments, and that in wartime the reality is made to suffer in the interests of the figment and they have used the fact in direct appeals to individual men and women. "It is *your* son," they say in effect to the German mother, "who was picked up in our country with a bullet through his heart. What was he doing in our country? Did he want to come here to be shot?" "It is *your* husband," they say

in effect to the German wife, "who is now lying blinded in our hospital. Did *you* want him to come here to lose the sight of his eyes? Did you want to be lonely, your life an ache of longing for his return? Was it your will that he should lose his sight? Or was it Hitler's?" The brutal truth about war is that it means the killing and maiming of individual human beings by other human beings whom they have never seen and with whom they have no quarrel. Why, one wonders, should men and women bend all their energies to the slaughtering of each other? There has never been a satisfactory answer to this question. Is it too much to hope that our own propaganda should occasionally take a leaf out of the Soviet's book and appeal to the Germans on the plain ground of the human suffering and misery that war causes, making it clear, however, that there can be no respite from this suffering either for them or for us while the Nazi gang who have willed it remain in power?

* * *

It is going to be a good harvest in spite of the fact that there have never been so many wireworms. Last year, too, there was an abnormal number of wireworms, and the year before that. My farmer friend propounded an interesting theory to account for the increase. "It is due," he said, "to the use of tractors instead of horses for ploughing. Watch a man ploughing in the autumn and you will see a flock of birds following the plough and settling on the newly turned earth. Sometimes when I have been ploughing, the furrows have been white with gulls. They are after grubs and worms. In the old days, with a horse-drawn plough turning up a single furrow at a time, it might take ten days to plough a large field, which meant that over a period of ten days the upturned surface of the field lay soft and wet exposed to the birds, who combed it for worms. Now a four-furrow tractor ploughs the whole field in a couple of days, and only one slice of earth out of every four lies exposed. Consequently, the birds don't have the same chance as they had before to get at the worms—in fact, they have only a quarter of the chance—and the number of worms goes on increasing." It seemed a plausible theory. I felt slightly more sceptical when the farmer went on to attribute the recently increased mortality among birds to the same cause. There are many reports to the effect that the bird population of this country is diminishing. The usual explanation is the two cold winters. "Not a bit of it," said the farmer. "It is the effects of insufficient nourishment. The birds don't lay in a sufficient stock of grubs and worms against the winter, and at the first cold snap they go down like ninepins."

* * *

The corridor was so packed that people could not make their way along it to the restaurant car, which, inaccessible from the rest of the train, drew its *clientèle* for the first lunch from the immediately contigious carriages. There were the usual doubts and indecisions among those who overflowed into the "firsts." Would they have to pay excess or wouldn't they? They had read somewhere that the Government was requiring the railways to permit people to occupy vacant seats in "firsts" when the train was full. But did the requirement only apply to troops, and did three aside in a first-class carriage mean a vacant fourth seat or not? It did, if you put up the arm-rest. But was it in the letter or the spirit of the alleged requirement that you could put up the arm-rest? As far as I can see, there is no system of any kind for dealing with "thirds" in first-class compartments! Sometimes they get away with it, sometimes they don't. Sometimes the ticket collector puts them there with tip; sometimes without tip; sometimes not at all. Sometimes he lets off those he has put there; sometimes he lets off everybody. You may say that people ought not to travel. Then why doesn't the Government stop them? And why shouldn't they travel? Don't they deserve holidays? Because, forsooth, the extra trains use up badly needed coal. And why isn't there enough coal? Because the Army has taken 100,000 miners and won't let them go. And therefore? Therefore the trains are a shambles, and Mr. Bevin must go down on his knees praying employers to release men engaged on key jobs to work in the mines. All of which goes to show that the Army, the miners, and the sardines in the corridor are, like peace, one and indivisible.

* * *

When I went to call on Farmer X last week, I found him ploughing up his mangel field. It was a five-acre field full of fine rich mangels. "Why on earth . . . ?" I said. But you can imagine what I said. "Because I can't get anyone to help me hoe them." I ticked off the various sources of supply. Agricultural workers? X who used to employ fifteen has now only three, of whom one is 71 and deaf and dumb; the rest have all gone into the Army or munitions. Not unnaturally, since, making munitions, they can get from £6 to £7 a week. Land girls? X is employing two, but he says they are no good and he cannot at the moment get any more. He has applied, though, to the Land Girl Army stationed in the town close by. "But," said X bitterly, "they are much too busy trying to make crops grow on land that won't bear them, to have time to help me get in crops from good land that will. If I had had the loan of eight of them for a week I could have done the job. I've applied to the War Agricultural Committee, but they say they can't send anybody; they simply haven't the men available." A unit of H.M. Forces—a very considerable body of men—is stationed in the neighbourhood, some of them only a mile away, and time, as I have reason to know, hangs heavy on their hands. "Why not," I asked, "apply to the Army?" "I have tried it," said X, "but they only promise voluntary workers to come for an hour or so in the evenings during their 'off time' and then, when they've promised, more often than not they don't come." "Won't they allocate a number of men to you for this special job, a 'fatigue,' of mangel hoeing?" I asked. "No, they won't, damn them! And they wouldn't last year either, when I lost 10 acres of sugar beet which I couldn't get anybody to help me hoe." I do not know as to the sugar beet, but it was with my own eyes that I saw Farmer X ploughing up his mangels.

* * *

Just a couple of miles along the road, they have a fine crop of tomatoes, and day after day the motorists drive up in a more or less continuous stream. Presently they come back carrying away pound after pound of rich, ripe, red tomatoes. 1*s.* 1*d.* a pound is what they pay, and 1*s.* 1*d.* is what they would pay at the shop, this being at the moment the controlled retail price. The grower likes it because he sells to the motorists at the retail price, which is several pence above the wholesale price which is all that he would be entitled to get from the shop. The motorists like it because they get their tomatoes fresh and are sure of a supply; besides, they don't have to queue as they might have to do at the greengrocer's. The only people who don't like it are the people who have not the money to afford motors or the time to roam about over the countryside looking for tomato growers. But I understand why the local shops have no tomatoes especially when another grower assures me that the retail price in Scotland is not 1*s.* 1*d.* but 1*s.* 7*d.*, with a corresponding increase in the wholesale price. "Naturally," said the grower, "I send my tomatoes to Scotland." Who wouldn't?

* * *

My friend Major X tells me that the men in his unit are not allowed to wear rubber soles when they go out walking in the town. "Why not?" I asked. "Because you cannot click your heels so well when you have rubber soles, and the C.O. likes to hear a good sharp click when the men salute." OCCASIONAL LONDONER

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of this column goes this week to K. Zilliacus.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

When two applications for the use of abattoirs for slaughtering horses for human consumption were considered by Lanark County Council yesterday, Major Basil Monteith, of Carstairs, said his concern was that they had no control over who was to eat the meat.

"I think," he said, "it is a horrible idea that a noble animal like the horse should be eaten by conscientious objectors."

The applications were refused.—*News Chronicle.*

It is noted that the Vicar of St. John's, Chelsea, has been writing recently in his Parish Magazine that "Women are to blame for the cigarette shortage," and the Reverend Gentleman comments, *inter alia*, that "it is a very severe indictment on the so-called women of our land, that men find a difficulty in procuring smokes at this time."—*Tobacconist and Confectioner.*

Professional Man, wishes to meet Irish Girl with view to marriage. Advertiser age 41, Bachelor, British, Church of England, resourceful, tolerant, disinterested in travel except in British Isles, would become Roman Catholic if necessary, Socialist but disinterested in political arguments, intellectual, sophisticated. Woman liking town life and social world not required. Lover of open air and natural beauty. Owns small river craft for summer cruising. Winter amusements, dancing, musical comedy, talkies. Would not consider rendezvous in London area during continuance of air attack. Partner should be pretty, not over 30, slim build, average height, affectionate, home loving, strong sense of humour, reasonably economical, similar tastes. Photo is requested with all replies.—Advt. in the *Matrimonial Post.*

ALL WHITE

WE often hear nowadays of the importance—even of the omnipotence—of propaganda. "Create a good propaganda machine," it is said, "and you can make people do almost anything." This may be true in the long run, but in England, at any rate, propaganda works as slowly as the mills of God. We have evidence of this in the reluctance of Englishmen to eat brown or wholemeal bread.

There has been enough propaganda in favour of this to persuade an ordinary man or woman that white bread is next door to a poison. Scientists have told us the most dreadful facts about it. They have experimented with rats, feeding some rats on white bread and other rats on brown, and, having weighed the rats after a week or two, have discovered that the rats which ate brown bread flourished and grew fat, whereas the rat which ate white bread languished and grew thin. They even announced with jubilation that one rat that was fed on white bread died.

No propaganda could be much more convincing than that. We moderns are for some reason or other particularly influenced by rats and guinea-pigs as guides to our behaviour. If a teetotal rat weighs more than a beer-drinking rat, that is regarded as unanswerable evidence of the virtue of teetotalism. Similarly, if a guinea-pig which is allowed plenty of exercise keeps well, whereas a guinea-pig which is allowed no exercise becomes flabby, this is looked on as the best of all proofs of the value of exercise. I confess I myself am impressed by such experiments, especially when the descriptions of the experiments are accompanied by statistics. As Solomon realised when he wrote, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard," we have a great deal to learn from the lower animals.

There have, of course, been eminent men of science who refused to take such experiments on animals at their face value. Some years ago, for example, when there was a widespread controversy about white bread, and when Lord Horder came out in defence of it, a correspondent told him how his pigs throve on whole meal, and another correspondent described how his canaries wilted when fed on white flour; to which irrefutable arguments Lord Horder replied audaciously that man is neither a pig nor a canary. It is an answer that sounds curiously out of date in a scientific age, and savours of heresy. I do not know how to counter Lord Horder's assertion, but I feel certain there must be a reply to it.

Anyhow, most of us pin our faith to the rats. In theory, at least, we believe that white bread, in comparison with brown bread, is bad for us. If a Gallup poll were taken on the question: "Which is the healthier, brown bread or white?" the majority of us would reply without hesitation "Brown." If, on the other hand, a second poll were taken on the question "Which do you eat, white bread or brown?" the majority of us would reply with equal readiness, "White." This shows merely that, in our tastes in bread as in other matters our practice is at the opposite pole to our theory. Rat-inspired propaganda has influenced our opinions, but it has had only the slightest effect on our conduct at table. It is fourteen years since Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane said: "I am absolutely convinced that white bread is doomed." Yet it has managed to survive well into the war in spite of the damning propaganda carried on against it by the Ministry of Food.

Never has an article of diet been more securely entrenched than the white loaf. All the energies of the millers, we are told, are engaged in its defence. They prefer—possibly through conservatism, possibly for financial reasons—to manufacture white flour. The bakers are equally reluctant to change their habits. They shake their heads with a mournful smile at mention of the national loaf. They explain that nobody wants it, even though your asking for it might be taken as evidence that at least one person wants it. The restaurants, too, are, on the whole, inimical to brown bread. In the restaurant I know best I have not seen a piece of brown bread in the basket of rolls since the war started. A man who asks for brown bread is suspected of being a dyspeptic or an eccentric in love with rat-food. More conservative than any of these sections of humanity, however, is the great British public which has never yet eaten anything simply because the thing was good for it.

I do not know at what date the passion for white bread became universal. One scholarly man of my acquaintance declares that it was one of the consequences of the French Revolution. Before the Revolution, he says, the French aristocrats ate white bread as a luxury; and, after the Revolution, the poorer classes insisted on having it as a symbol of equality. If this is true, the aristocracy has a great deal to answer for in setting so bad an example, and the democracy has a great deal to answer for in following an example so deleterious. Even if it is true of France, however, I do not think it is true of England. The *Times* the other day quoted an attack by Tobias Smollett on the English people for eating white bread instead of the wholesome bread favoured in Scotland; and this was dated considerably before the French Revolution.

Sometimes, I think that the white loaf was invented in response to man's invincible craving for things to eat which, though not poisonous in the extreme sense of the word, are not good for him. One has only to turn to pastry and pickles and mixed grill and toasted cheese and lobster mayonnaise for evidence of the strength of this craving. At other times, however, giving man the benefit of the doubt, I am inclined to the opinion that he took to white bread under the mistaken notion that whiteness is a sign of purity. His imagination was filled with such phrases as "pure as the driven snow," "pure as the lily in the dell," and so forth; and the very look of a white loaf whetted his idealistic appetite. He felt a better man as he cut himself a slice of white bread, free from earthy coarseness. In the same spirit, he exchanged the virtue of brown sugar for the seeming purity of white. In England, a craze for whiteness swept over the population, affecting even the dress of men at their games. It was considered impossible to play cricket except in white flannels which advertised the fact that this, above all others, was a clean game; and I myself am so much under the power of this hallucination that I have a slight sense of shock when I see soldiers playing cricket in khaki. The English Rugby team, again, boastfully wears white jerseys in international matches. In social life a white shirt and a white tie make men feel as happy as if they were already angels. In the course of time the Englishman liked to think of himself as at his best a "white man," and he applied this epithet even to a fellow-Englishman carrying his burden under a tropical sun, which had probably scorched him a deep brown. Lord Tennyson showed this national weakness for the colour white when he put the white flower of a blameless life in the Prince Consort's buttonhole, thus injuring his reputation in the eyes of the later generation known as Edwardian.

There is nothing in nature, it seems to me, to justify this over-estimate of whiteness. Few of the most beautiful animals or flowers are white. The milk-white peacock does not stand comparison with its coloured rival; and the gannet, lovely though it is, is not so lovely as the kingfisher. White cattle are not the most attractive of their tribe in these islands. I once heard a farmer's small son saying: "I hate the look of a white calf." Horse fanciers, I believe, are as critical of an excess of whiteness on the faces or feet of horses. Among the beautiful race of the butterflies, the only pestilential one of which I know is the Cabbage White. As for flowers, how much the face of England would lose if none but white flowers were admitted into the gardens!

Nor are many of the things we eat white in their natural state. Sheep, I grant you, are sometimes almost white, and pigs are supposed—as a rule, wrongly—to be white. But the field of wheat, the herd of cattle, the row of potatoes, the tomato plant and the runner bean are more richly coloured than these.

The overlove of whiteness, it seems to me, is a weakness of civilisation. As we eat our white bread for the sake of its whiteness, we forget that one of the most famous of all white things is a whited sepulchre. We do not admit to ourselves that, if we saw a man who was really white—as white as a white loaf—we should be appalled. In these days, however, when we know all about rats and vitamins, we should have the honesty to admit that we and our ancestors have for a long time past been labouring under a leucophile delusion. It is a delusion that has gradually affected our palates so that many of us more than ever like the taste of white bread. I do not deny that it has a pleasant taste at times, especially the white bread that we get in other people's houses. But the fact that we have got to like the taste of a thing is scarcely a justification for eating or drinking it. After all, one can get to like the taste of sherry, and even, it is said, of vermouth. In these days we ought to be thinking more of vitamin B than of self-indulgence in flavours and fancies. Besides, wholemeal bread tastes quite well if you think it does. If only the Ministry of Food could convince the British public that it is also rather bad for them, everybody, I am sure, would soon be eating it.

Y. Y.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

IT was Tagore's misfortune that his first English book, *Gitanjali*, appeared on the eve (1913) of the First World War; his poetry was bound to date swiftly. It was an additional misfortune that English, the European language he knew best, was not in his youth rich in criticism. Matthew Arnold was too concerned with style and with the presence or absence of "urbanity." The question of Tagore's place is tied up also with his translation methods, that "falsifying of my own coinage" of which he wrote to me, his cutting away of what he thought hard to get across to Western readers. John Keats (said his brother) was no more "like Johnny Keats than he was like the Holy Ghost," yet it took decades to disentangle John and Johnny. It may take even longer with the two Tagores.

Nobility is a quality now out of fashion, and Tagore was outstandingly noble. It is the adjective which best describes the remarkable society, the Brahmo Samaj, into which he was born. Only once or twice in world history has a society of such high general level, in character and versatile ability, existed, and Tagore's family were its centre. It was not strange that the course of his whole life was set early, in a consistent striving towards truth and freedom from superstition and prejudice and towards fullness and catholicity. He began as a poet, yet even in his twenties he was a poet fearlessly and often savagely critical of all that was base or narrow. He satirised the spectacled lolling student who chattered boastfully and did no genuine thinking. "Wisdom sprouts in our brains, as we learn how that hero Cromwell tumbled off his king's head, as a boy with a stick sends ripe mangoes scattering. . . . In what respect are we inferior to the English? . . . We can learn all they write and repeat it in Bengali. . . ."

Max Müller has said that we are "Aryans." The Mutiny, which ended two years before he was born, had left rulers and people utterly estranged in mutual hatred, and pride and humiliation caught at the praise of the new Western scholarship and the theosophists. Tagore had no use for the struttings of the Neo-Hinduism this praise encouraged. In 1888, after a mob of young "Aryans" had assaulted a Salvationist, he wrote scathingly of their cowardly patriotism. He refused to idealise anything irrational or vile or even merely silly. His *Loving Conversation of a Newly Wedded Bengali Couple* gives the first bedroom scene between the old husband and his girl wife. As to transmigration, a theory whose imaginative value he recognised, when I asked him if it were true that his father, the Maharshi ("Great Seer,") went against Brahmo teaching and latterly accepted it, he replied "My father never believed in that fairy tale." I remember his students at Santiniketan asking if they might celebrate the festival of Saraswati, the Goddess of Learning, in his grounds. "No, we do not want that nonsense here," he said brusquely.

He wrote great poetry even before *Manasi* (1890), his first really mature work—for example, *Sea-Waves*, on the wreck of a crowded pilgrim ship, which I think every bit as fine as Gerard Hopkins's *Deutschland*. But I am now concerned with the man. In the nineties he lived at Shileida, on the Ganges, managing the Tagore estates. In his magazine *Sadhana* he poured out poems, short stories, criticism, drama, and unceasing social propaganda. He outraged orthodox Hinduism long before the alien Government set a spy in his school and the police kept his dossier. But he did more than this. Cruelty anywhere made him "ferocious" (a favourite word); he was the Indian who first drew his country's attention to lynching. Then he felt he must do something yet more constructive, and as the century closed he founded Santiniketan ("Home of Peace.") His aim was not simply a school but a place where India, parcelled and crushed, might find herself and might learn also that even patriotism was not enough. He insisted always that whatever was best in Europe she must accept with both hands, and that our scientific conquests, our supposed materialism, were at heart as much the result of insight as the religious lyrics of a Kabir or a Chandidas. He had no patience with those Popes who divide the mind's Americas into mechanistic achievement for the West and spiritual greatness for the East.

He was a majestic and tremendous public speaker. "No one who heard it will ever forget," said Prasanta Mahalanobis, "his 'Address on Working as Our Master Bids' (1918). He held fifteen hundred people spellbound for nearly two hours." I once witnessed an equal triumph, on the centenary of the Brahmo Samaj. During the Partition of Bengal agitation (1905) he experienced his one period of intense nationalism and made his only National Congress appearance. His people marked his fiftieth birthday with a gigantic ovation in Calcutta Town Hall. But he was ill and dispirited and went to England. Years of renown and suffering followed. The war was a misery, and afterwards the Amritsar humiliation made him attempt to return his knighthood. I think his Oxford degree was the one honour he greatly valued, and when it came at last I am glad to think it was given with a frankness that had in it a measure of reparation and remorse.

Political India's curse, he held, was "mendicancy," the slavish begging and accepting of "boons" from a Government that was indifferent to what was deepest and noblest in the race it ruled. He stood aloof except when a genuine stand was being made. He did not like Gandhi's spinning wheel or methods that seemed merely to send India's leaders to jail. But he made no mistake about Gandhi's greatness and achievement, and with Nehru his friendship was one of complete understanding and affection. For the two men wanted the same things, social reconstruction and acceptance of life in its fullness. Gandhi once called him "The Great Sentinel," and this was what he became—a towering figure standing outside our struggles and problems yet watching and helping with all his strength. He grew more and more "Left," and intolerant of bigotry and obscurantism. He remarked, when I last visited India, twenty months ago, that he should like to live to see Russia India's invader, since she was the only Power that would not hesitate to bomb equally those symbolically contiguous shrines, the mosque and Jagannath Temple at Puri! India's and the Age's sentinel, he foresaw the rape of natural beauty and individuality by the machine, expressing this in his striking drama, *Muktadhara* ("The Free Stream,") 1922. He predicted in his wise little book, *Nationalism*, 1916, what wretchedness the cult of the nation would work for mankind.

Yet he distinguished between the people and the nation. The English people India "felt as we feel the sun" but the nation was a clogging and blinding mist. Magnanimous to the last, when France made her despairing appeal to the United States, Tagore, forgetting that he belonged to a subject people, sent Roosevelt his own separate appeal for her. He died before England freed his country. But he himself found his own freedom long ago, alike from subjection to foreign rule and from bitterness and ignorance of every kind.

EDWARD THOMPSON

THE ENGLISH SCHOOL

At the Redfern Gallery there is a variegated show, with something for all tastes. One curious result, it seems, of the Continent being isolated is that young Englishmen, no longer able to imitate the great Catalan's newest pictures, have been driven back upon his early ones; and there is just now a positive outbreak of attempts to do a Blue Picasso. The results suggest that Raphael might be a better man to learn from. There is an interesting picture by Wilson Green in the style of Manet, and a Still Life by Louise Pickard that should excite interest in this neglected painter. Of the young painters at the Redfern, Dork and Tom Nash excite interest, while Leslie Hurry seems the most promising. He is for the moment bogged in a belated surrealism, but if you look behind the conventionally horrific figures, there are in the corners of his pictures patches of sensitively handled pigment that proclaim a natural painter. The anxieties and disillusionments of the Chamberlain period were naturally reflected in bogy pictures, but now that this country has recovered a good opinion of itself, is it not likely that soon our artists will wish not to make our blood creep, but to express their delight in being alive? At present some of our best painters are rightly busy recording the calamities of war, but I am optimist enough to hope before long to see great canvases of nudes feasting to the sound of music in gardens or water-meadows, against a background of glades and waterfalls. Painters have never been able to be glum for very long, and we now await their return to the old magnificent thoroughfare of Titian, Rubens, Poussin, Watteau and Renoir.

Such painting, it may be argued, has never flowered in England. Indeed, it would be rash to count upon English painters realising figure-compositions very completely in the grand manner. But the gift for colour and the poetic imagination are by no means alien to these shores. There are at least five pictures in this exhibition revealing powers that probably because of the times in which we have lived remain incompletely developed. Spencer Gore's *Interior* is an unassuming masterpiece, as thoughtfully composed as it is exquisitely painted. Augustus John's *Walpurgis Night* shows a boldness and fluency that might have led to anything. (The same painter's *Near St. Tropez* is pathetic in its coarseness.) Frances Hodgkins's *Solva* possesses a beauty and inventiveness of colour that is hardly surpassed by anything of Matisse's. David Jones's *Still Life on a Table* is not only the best work by this artist that I have seen, but as lovely and lyrical a painting, in my opinion, as anything a member of his generation has produced. Graham Sutherland's *Western Hills* is a romantic landscape charged with the sense of mystery we find in Blake's poems and Wordsworth's—here is a painter who goes from good to better. Now the last three of these five works are essentially native—they could not have come from any Continental artist; and anyone inclined to denigrate the English School may be advised to examine these very carefully. The history of this School records a series of disappointments—men of conspicuous genius failing to fulfil their potentialities, Gainsborough keeping the pot boiling with elegant portraits, Constable deadening his handling to meet the public taste, Turner, petulant and undisciplined, intoxicating himself with his own virtuosity. Perhaps our ill-luck will persist: Spencer Gore died young, Augustus John's early works are, I am afraid, his best, Frances Hodgkins discovered her proper way of expression comparatively late in life, David Jones has only recently resumed his painting after years of abstention. There are, however, some good reasons for hope. Never, I fancy, has there been so large a public in this country for good pictures as there is to-day. Never have good painters received so much encouragement alike from the Director of the National Gallery and from undergraduates. Never has it been so easy for a painter with any gift at all to find a well-lit wall on which to exhibit his work. Never have our great provincial cities been given such opportunities of seeing the best work of our young painters. At this moment, for instance, Leeds, owing to the bold and discerning taste of the Director of its Art Gallery is enjoying a show of Henry Moore, John Piper and Graham Sutherland; and the British Institute of Adult Education has several peripatetic exhibitions. How the economic results of the war will eventually affect the artist is evidently obscure. For my part, I doubt whether public bodies are yet qualified to be substitutes for the private collector. Another difficulty is that most of our best painters have lately been too little ambitious, too busy nursing their sensibilities to confront the great traditional problems of figure-composition. The increasing recognition that they now receive may, one hopes, dispel their bashfulness; in which case we may live to see, for the first time in history, English painters making the fullest use of their natural talent.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

MELODRAMA

"The Prodigal" (L'Enfant Prodigue), at Toynbee Hall
"A Woman's Face," at the Empire
"Jeannie," at Leicester Square

The Prodigal is a sport, a "play without words," something between ballet and silent film. As revived by Mr. Ashley Dukes and the Mercury Players at Toynbee Hall, it makes for a thin and curious delight. We follow this fifty-years-old drama of a romantic spendthrift, betrayed by his mistress and coming home to enlist in the army, with silence interposed between us and the stage like plate-glass. I have enjoyed such speechlessness, momentarily in the past. The Alhambra used to provide clients

with a bar at the back of the stalls, to which one could retreat from any peculiarly atrocious soprano and watch, from far off, through the glass doors. What a cracking good act she could have (and did, for me in retirement) put on as The Silent Singer, or Somewhere (but Where?) a Voice is Calling. Then all-in wrestling was a more or less silent drama which everyone with a leniency towards apes could enjoy. And where else could one indulge this paradox of silence? At *The Miracle*, at the chimps' four o'clock teas in Regent's Park, at the Albert Hall Proms, where the boxes provide wonderful dumb shows for a roving eye. And, of course, once upon a time, at "the pictures."

The piano tinkling André Wormser's accompaniment to *The Prodigal* brings back "the pictures." Poignantly at times its flighty and pathetic airs guide the action on the stage. A Paris apartment in the 'seventies. There is supper beginning, stew consumed by Papa and Mamma, with the Prodigal abstaining, glasses filled and drained, napkins screwed, table pushed back against the sideboard, all performed in time with something of the attention of the great Chaplin shaving a customer. The Prodigal (Alan Badel) groans his boredom in agonised poses. His parents offer him the mandoline; his eye lights up, he strums a few notes (supplied by the piano), and then melancholy returns. This dismal situation, with Mamma now bent over her crochet and Papa dosing behind a copy of *Le Journal*, is happily broken by the arrival of Phrynette (Yvonne Owen) tripping gaily with a laundry basket. Here is what the Prodigal had been wanting, the lilies and languors become raptures, and in the few moments when the couple are left alone we realise—perhaps for the first time—that some passages of talk are best conveyed without words: the interchange between the future lovers is delightful. She goes, and the Prodigal follows, having robbed his parents' desk and leaving them in despair. On the whole Act I, though slow in starting, has roused our curiosity. Act II: the Prodigal and Phrynette, she reclining and making lovely sorties from a curtained bed, he already snowed under by debt; delightful moment when he captures a fly that threatens to wake her; billing and cooing, followed by bills, bills; he flings out, and in his absence another suitor arrives, a Baron, promising more dresses, debts paid, a wedding and all. Act III: the parents look much older; homely routine of supper and sitting repeated, this time with an effective touch of pathos—all the details tell, down to the old man's pipe and skull-cap and his customary evening trot; scenes of the Prodigal's return, rages, tears, until he hears a military band go by and his legs begin to move in time to the drum; off to the wars he will go.

And how far does it come off? Well, the Mercury Players have treated this oddly endearing little piece as a work of art, and a work of art it is, in their lively and graceful miming. Not only the lovers, already mentioned, but Archie Harradine and Eunice Rogers as the unhappy parents, Bobby Rietti as the Baron, and Audrey Teesdale as a negro page-boy give performances in which one enjoys every gesture and glance. It's a narrow range of emotions that is tapped—a fresh discovery of humdrum detail, romantic sentiment, lilts of fun and pathos—but these emotions are genuine, and the melodrama is melodrama in the strict sense. Then what is missing? A meat ration; strong situations become here rather thin. But more than that—which doesn't seem to me really to matter—one misses the final magic that would weld this *divertissement* of a play. Some poet of the theatre—Cocteau, say—could supply that: a few, a very few, words spoken in commentary or aside; a light verse or two framing a situation; even a paragraph read from Papa's newspaper; all of these, of course, off-stage. For the piano score, though agreeably jaunty and douce, isn't quite a chorus, isn't quite inspired and witty enough, and could do with breaking up a little. This seemed the chief lack of a bizarre and enchanting evening. (All the detail, by the way, from Max Martin's scenery, and Hilda Berger-Lampl's dresses to Marjorie Reed at the piano, was exquisitely right). *The Prodigal* will be given again in the Toynbee Hall Theatre on Saturday, before coming to the West End.

Films themselves are scarce this week. *A Woman's Face* is melodrama in the new sense: everything strikes and shocks—Joan Crawford's hideously scarred face, Conrad Veidt at the top of villainy, blackmail, consuls and counts in (is it?) Bohemia, demoniacal sleigh chases, attempted child murder, and a trial enclosing all. It's thrilling all right, except at the moment when someone says: "Remember this is 1941." *A Woman's Face* isn't, you may find, particularly 1941.

Jeannie is a comedy of innocents abroad. First innocent, a Scots girl, Barbara Mullen, charmingly in love with the Blue Danube and blueing a small legacy in Vienna, before she turns to as skivvy. Second innocent, Michael Redgrave, travelling on business (washing-machines) as well as pleasure, innocent but masterful, too. Their adventures, which escape Hollywood influences, are delightfully fresh to the end. Barbara Mullen is very taking, and deserves all the parts she can get, light and serious.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, August 16th—
Exhibition of Children's Art from All Lands, Free German League of Culture, 36 Upper Park Road, N.W.3. 2-7. Daily till Sept. 7.
Pianoforte Recital by Edith Vogel, St. Stephen's Church, Pond Street, N.W.3. 3.

SUNDAY, August 17th—
International Friendship Garden Party, Aubrey House, Notting Hill Gate, 2.30. Adm. 1s.
Pouishnoff with London Symphony Orchestra, Cambridge Theatre, 3.

MONDAY, August 18th—
Otto Hirsch Memorial Meeting, Tuck Hall, Woburn House, W.C.1. 6.

WEDNESDAY, August 20th—
G. Wilson Knight: "Tennyson and the British Tradition," Institut Français, 5.30.

THURSDAY, August 21st—
Dr. J. Kuczynski: "Strategic Problems of War Economics," 36 Upper Park Road, N.W.3. 7.

FRIDAY, August 22nd—
David Freeman: "Singapore—Gateway to the Pacific," 12 Gt. Newport Street, W.C.2. 7.
Beatrice King: "Developments of the Arts in the U.S.S.R." 22 St. Petersburgh Place, W.2. 7.

Correspondence

THE FOUR NOTES OF FATE

SIR,—The four notes from Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, adopted for the V campaign, are traditionally said to have been described by him as Fate knocking at the door. It is interesting to remember that the same four notes—three short and one long—were used over two thousand years before him for precisely the same purpose and effect by a great poet and musical composer. The metre and music of the "binding song" in the *Eumenides* of Aeschylus uses the reiteration of the four notes (just as in the symphony) with terrifying effect. In the "binding song," it will be remembered, the *Eumenides* explain how their function is to be Fate hunting down the guilty, particularly the man who is guilty of the sin which the Greeks counted among the worst, over-weening pride. Verrall's translation of the chorus attempts partially to reproduce the original metre, and the following extract gives a good idea of the use of the four notes, while the words, one hopes, are prophetic of the fate of the Nazis:

When with a strong
Leap and a long,
Pride in his crown
Trample we down,
Far let him run
Nothing is won,
Yet shall he slip,
Yet shall he trip,
Beaten,
Broken and beaten.

LEONARD WOOLF

RACIAL CHARACTER

SIR,—I was greatly interested, as an anthropologist, to read "Occasional Londoner's" paragraph about the German airman who died rather than suffer his blood to be "polluted." It is a singular and striking example of the lengths to which an otherwise capable and presumably intelligent man will go when driven by a false "racialism," which, I am well assured, you regard with scorn.

What then, sir, am I to think, when on the very next page, I read a full-page article by A. L. Rowse, pronouncing judgment on Matthew Arnold, in terms which show him to be equally the prey of an equally false race-theory?

As an Englishman I should doubtless become melancholic were I driven to-day to learn a Celtic tongue, but my Welsh and Gaelic-speaking friends, both tall and short, dark and fair, would roar with laughter at the suggestion that the use of their mother-tongue, which is, after all, the only valid definition of a "Celt," had made them melancholy.

Matthew Arnold may well have been melancholy and equally well may it have been a trait inherited from his mother. But to suggest that, because Arnold inherited from a Cornish mother a rather slower metabolism that that possessed by his father, or whatever obscure cause gave rise to his mental sorrow, all Bretons, Cornish, Welsh, Irish and Highland Scots are possessed of a racial melancholy is a farce for the gods.

I suggest, sir, that a tale by Mr. Rowse, embodying the "merry Teuton" and the "melancholy Celt" would be a fitting subject for Disney's next "Fantasia."

CHARLES GREEN

ARMY ALLOWANCES

SIR,—In a new pamphlet issued to all Army officers, it is emphasised that soldiers are human beings and should be treated as such. The attention of the authorities should also be drawn to the equally important point that the wives and dependants of the soldiers are human also.

As a private in a large pay office, my job is the upkeep of the accounts of a certain number of soldiers, their wives and dependants. As such I have a very close knowledge of the injustices which the present pay regulations inflict upon the soldiers' wives. I should like to bring three main aspects of the present system to your notice.

1. The system of forfeitures and its effect on the wives.

2. The regulation regarding venereal disease.

3. The system of dependants' allowances (as distinct from allowances to wives, which are known as family allowances).

1. At present the soldier's wife receives a basic allowance of 18s. per week. Added to this is a contribution from the soldier's pay, called a qualifying allotment. This varies with the soldier's pay; for instance, the soldier receiving 2s. 6d. a day pays 7s. a week to his wife (compulsorily), making her allowance up to 25s. a week. (How she manages to live on this sum is a mystery which is not the subject of this letter.)

When the man's pay rises to 3s. per day, the wife receives a further 1s. 9d. per week from her husband, and so on.

At first sight this might appear quite equitable. Actually it is far from fair, the reason being this:

Of the various increments of pay granted to a soldier, by far the majority are in the form of "proficiency" pay—at the moment most soldiers with 6 months' service get war proficiency pay of 6d. per day. Now the continued receipt of this "emolument," as the regulations call it, depends on what the Army interprets as proficiency. It can be withdrawn at any time at the discretion of the commanding officer. This means not so much to the man (who is clothed and fed at government expense), but by automatically reducing the qualifying allotment, and thereby the income of the wife, it often causes hardship.

This would be clearer if it were understood for what trivial causes pay is often forfeited. For example, a commanding officer, with a thoughtlessness that is typical, recently ruled that all men under his command who had during a certain period been sentenced to confinement to barracks should lose their proficiency pay. In a particular case the man's net pay remained the same, but the wife lost 3*s*. 6*d*. per week.

Another way in which wives suffer is when their husbands hold acting, i.e. lance, appointments. The qualifying allotment of the wife of a lance corporal rises two shillings a day three months after the promotion. But should the soldier be transferred for any reason to another unit he automatically reverts to the rank of private. The pay and therefore the qualifying allotment are reduced, with the result that the wife suffers again.

Again, large numbers of men overstay their leave. These men are not deserters, nor does the Army treat them as such. After about a week or fortnight they are apprehended by the civil police at their homes and returned to their unit. Very often they return before the police find them. In such cases not only does the man lose all pay, for the period of the absence, but, in addition, for any period over seven days the wife loses her family allowance—that is, the basic 18*s*. per week, plus any children's allowances. Many wives are forced to go to the Public Assistance Board in such cases. I have seen most pathetic letters from some of these poor women.

2. Venereal disease. The pay warrant on this subject lays down that all men who contract venereal disease through their own fault or through the effects of alcoholism shall forfeit all proficiency pay. Now when I attended the medical lecture which all new recruits to the Army are given the doctor stated categorically that the disease could only be contracted by actual contact with a woman. Evidently all men who are unfortunate enough to contract the disease are assumed to have done so by their own fault and therefore forfeit proficiency pay. Under this system the wife again suffers a deduction in her allowance.

3. Dependant's allowances. The wife of a soldier automatically receives 18*s*. per week on the production of her marriage certificate. Not so a dependant. To-day, as a result of the last war, there are many mothers, mostly middle-aged, who are financially dependent on their sons. To obtain a dependant's allowance is no easy matter, however. The mother has to go through the humiliation of an investigation into her financial means by the Assistance Board. If she can prove that she needs an allowance, she can then be granted a dependant's allowance. But not for her the luxury of 18*s*. per week. This is the prerogative of wives alone. Although it is possible for the dependant's allowance to reach 18*s*. per week, in the overwhelming majority of cases the dependant receives either 6*s*., 11*s*. or 14*s*. 6*d*. a week (usually 6*s*.). Added to this of course is the qualifying allotment of 7*s*. a week from the soldier. Why there is this difference in the treatment of the wife and the dependant mother I am unable to say. I am at a loss, too, to understand how it is that the mother can live on less than the wife.

The various injustices that I have described above are those caused by a system that has been evolved piecemeal over a large number of years. From time to time new regulations do come out. But such a vast structure of regulations, created for the administration of a peacetime army, is incapable of reform. It can only be swept away and replaced by a system specially designed to meet the exigencies of a nation engaged in a totalitarian war. Let the generals have their thousands of warrants, regulations and Army forms again, after the war, if they must, but give us a system that *works* in wartime.

A PRIVATE IN THE ROYAL ARMY PAY CORPS

INDIAN BROADCASTING

SIR,—Like your other correspondents, may I remove a misunderstanding? Yes, there is an English section which broadcasts to India and there is also a Hindustani section, and the main purpose of my previous letter was to pay a small tribute to the Hindustani section. I have worked for it several times, by providing scripts for translation, and I believe that it has also employed other and more eminent Englishmen, Mr. H. N. Brailsford and Mr. H. W. Nevinson among them. I know that last week it transmitted a message from Professor Gilbert Murray and others, on the occasion of the death of Tagore.

This has, of course, nothing to do with the Hindustani news-bulletins; still it does suggest that they are not controlled by a Blimp. They have anyhow made a favourable impression on Mr. T. M. Pande, who has just returned from India and knows its reactions, and who gives his qualifications and signs his name. His evidence seems more convincing than that of "Indian Resident," who withholds his identity, and whose pseudonym suggests not only that he lives in England but that he has lived in it for some time.

E. M. FORSTER

"GERMANY POSSESSED"

SIR,—Without daring to quarrel with your reviewer's negative valuation of my work *Germany Possessed*, may I point out that since my book is an attempt to explore the psychological factors underlying the German phenomenon, it is not entirely opportune to judge it exclusively from the standpoint of political history? Is it, furthermore, permissible to ask Mr. Rowse how common sense can arrive at true conclusions about the psychology of the German mind without the aid of those specific data which only a psychological investigation can reveal?

H. G. BAYNES

POLITICAL WARFARE

SIR,—I was glad to notice that you drew attention in your last issue to the negative reply I received from Mr. Attlee to my question as to whether the Prime Minister would give consideration to the appointment of a Minister for Political Warfare. In the debate on the war situation which was held on August 6th, Mr. Lees-Smith made a strong appeal to the Government to take Political Warfare seriously. His plea was reinforced by nearly all of us who were able to catch the Speaker's eye. In particular Sir Cuthbert Headlam's speech should be read.

Mr. Brendan Bracken will, I am sure, make the Ministry of Information into a first-class News Department. This is not political warfare and no one knows it better than the Minister.

The minimum requirements in this matter are a Minister in charge of Political Warfare with a Chief Executive sitting on the Chief of Staffs Committee. This Minister could then co-ordinate the political warfare activities of the Ministry of Information, the B.B.C., and the etceteras one cannot discuss in public; always provided he was allowed to pursue a definite policy calculated to provide the agenda for controversy in Germany and given the means to do it.

STEPHEN KING-HALL

"DOCTORING AFTER THE WAR"

SIR,—Reorganistion of the medical profession is a need felt even by members of that profession. One of the greatest obstacles to reformation is, however, public opinion as expressed by uninformed (or misinformed) people like Norah M. Jeans.

The British Medical Association is not a juridical council issuing permits to "specialists" to set up in Harley Street on production of evidence of financial stability, or to newly qualified "medicoes" to acquire a practice on the same evidence; nor does it issue edicts governing the terms of service under the National Health Insurance Acts, this being a function of the Ministry of Health. The B.M.A. has as much to do with these things as the N.U.R. has with the ornamentation of railway timetables.

Possibly Norah M. Jeans is confusing the B.M.A. with the General Medical Council of the Privy Council, but the juridical capacity of even the G.M.C. confines itself mainly to two things, the qualifications allowing of admission to the Medical Register, and the professional conduct of those on the Register. *Ne sutor ultra crepidat* . . . or, at any rate, until she knows the facts.

"Specialists" may appear in Harley Street immediately after qualifying, or, indeed, without any qualifications at all; but their activities need induce no fear, as the means of approach to the specialist is by way of the general practitioner; but she can certainly doubt the *bona fides* of the "specialists" who will see her without such an introduction. This is not a claim by a general practitioner for the pickings of a middleman, but the just claim of any doctor to be better able than almost any layman to diagnose a disease, and to relegate it, if necessary, to the right specialist.

The newly qualified practitioner may buy a practice, or may even "squat," provided that he has satisfied a board of examiners (recognised by the G.M.C.) that he is safe to be let loose among the public. The one thing he cannot do is *compel* patients to accept his services. In any case, what makes Norah M. Jeans decide that three years of extra training would be adequate before taking on the sole responsibility of a practice? Most of us, indeed, take a much longer additional training; in fact, many of us feel that a lifetime would not be long enough for the job. Of course, we appreciate her graceful tribute to the majority of us who "still fully earn the confidence of the public." In face of this, however, is the claim justified that "the panel service produces an inferior type of medical practitioner?" Is the panel doctor too busy to give adequate, individual attention? He (or she) is busy only if patients are satisfied, because if they aren't, they can change their doctor at least four times in the year!

Norah M. Jeans obviously has a penchant for the doctor who has no panel. This *rara avis* need hardly enter into discussions on the reorganisation of our profession, as he is confined now to the luxuriant wilds of the west-ends of cities. Even after the war there will still be a sufficiency of such kindly ornithologists as she to preserve the sanctuaries necessary to prevent its extinction. As for the rest of us, "Give us the tools, and we will do the job." We want facilities for adequate training and for continuous education, and we want any system of organisation which will assure co-operation among doctors, on the part of patients and of the authorities and last, but not least, we want adequate remuneration.

MARGARET E. THOMSON

FEDERAL UNION

SIR,—Miss Freda White's pleasant review raises one question which is of such general interest and is so likely to recur in discussions of Federal Union projects that you will perhaps permit me a few words of comment.

I believe that strict Federal Unionists, such as Mr. Lionel Curtis and Mr. Streit, attach great importance to the *direct* election of any Federal legislature. If a new and wider community is to be formed, which is to assume democratic and parliamentary forms of government, there is obviously a very strong case for the initial adoption of this system. For myself, however, I attach so much more importance, as a matter of political tactics, to the immediate legal recognition of reciprocal or of common citizenship as urged by Mr. Willkie, that I am something of a heretic about precision in constitutional forms and the subtleties concerning where sovereignty shall reside. A good strategist knows when to use fog. . . It is further true that direct representation in the U.S. Senate was no part of the American Constitution for over a century. I would, however, point out (*a*) that the argument against direct representation over large areas was precisely the objection used in the eighteenth century against the feasibility of applying democratic forms to France or to the United States themselves; (*b*) if we are not to have direct election, then the delegates nominated by constituent states will either be nobodies, which is undesirable, or men of more weight than the nominating statesmen, which is improbable, or—as in the better days at Geneva—those statesmen themselves. This last means that they are far too overworked to attend adequately to both State and Federal problems, and that they tend to subordinate the latter. Whatever the drawbacks—and how many of the electors now "know" their local M.P. better than, in these days of radio and the new technology, they "know" Mr. Roosevelt?—I think that direct election would probably have, on the balance, the fewer disadvantages.

One further point which tends to recur. That any initiative must come from America is a truth—stated, e.g., by Colonel Wedgwood with emphasis—which no one will deny. But this truism is often used as a half-truth by obstructors and academic saboteurs with the object of preventing any action at all by means of inopportune enquiries about what the *other* fellow is doing. This is really best left to the other fellow. . . . Our concern here is what assurances there are for an American that, were an American intiative given, this country would welcome it. Those assurances are not yet by any means satisfactory. As a matter of fact, one eminent American, Mr. Willkie, already has, at considerable political risk to himself, made very definite proposals to which there has still been no equally authoritative response, as bold or as concrete. In success men do not readily make these proposals; in reverses they are ashamed to . . . there is always an excuse. The days, however, of "buck-passing" are over. The responsibility is now ours. America waits.

GEORGE CATLIN

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE Poet Laureate remains dumb, or celebrates an occasion in honest prose; and that perhaps is the future of his office. But where—the newspapers ask from time to time—are our soldier-poets, where is this war's Brooke? It's an old wail and not quite so silly as it may sound.

The answer is, no doubt, that the R.A.F. contains quite a number of mute inglorious Brookes, who have dashed into war with as much bravado and zest, tinged with romantic self-pity, as did the Swan of Grantchester. Why don't they write? They do; wildly, as a rule, badly and in imitation of their forebear; every newspaper office has received dozens of their verses. Then why doesn't someone else write for them? That has been done, too: Mr. Christopher Hassall has had his fling, and there is a poetess in the U.S.A. who thrills thousands with her visions of "The White Cliffs of Dover." Yet all such attempts fall miles short of Brooke. Again, why? Well, the moment for trumpets (Brooke, remember, was the romantic singer only of the *onset* of war) never arrived. You couldn't have a Brooke of appeasement; you couldn't have a Brooke of conscription, of Munich and the Maginot Line, of a glory faded before it ever rose; September, 1939, began a phoney war, and it produced a phoney poetry—that is, no poetry at all worth speaking of.

The reaction, in literature as in everything else, to war was defensive. A few old busbies and politicians called for brass bands, parades, flags in those early months, and there was no response; the response came long after in the first little Union Jacks bled by wrecked dwellings in London streets. That was personal, spontaneous and heartrending; flags and not flag-wagging. The true poetry of the time made just such an intimate and shrugged response.

One reason why glory has gone out of war and out of war poetry is that common people of all sorts have experienced for the first time cause and effect in war. The glorious sky-riding of our pilots over Berlin is the same that drops death on our own doorstep. Beaverbrook's "beautiful bombs" come back in all their hideousness. This is the message of much war poetry:

> It is a pity that distance puts
> Ten-league boots on brutality,
> That the glib spittle of steel claps down
> Miles below, in a spidery splash,
> On the pin-point town,
> Gumming grimacing faces to the pavement,
> While the alert executor, lark-light,
> Tiny climber in titanic chasm,
> Rinses the pin-prick pity in the burst
> And cloudy roundabout of pride.

There is, then, a romanticism of the pilot, the long-distance killer who, though facing incredible dangers, never has to face the close-up of his own destructiveness. It is a poetry the Fascist races encourage (there were some lyrical chortles from Italian airmen returned from Abyssinia) and which we rigidly shun. Modern warfare, in fact, is romantic only to Fascists, and if any trumpet tones survive this war it will be from the Fascist side. To my list of would-be Rupert Brookes, by the way, might be added one poet of talent: Roy Campbell. He fought for Franco in Spain and wrote of war exultantly; even so, his outbursts lacked the fire of earlier and more harmless gasconading. And since the spread of war over Europe he has been unaccountably silent.

The poem from which I have quoted is *The Far-off Hills*, by W. R. Rodgers.* After saying it's a pity the airman does not have to shoulder the moral shock of his bombing, he goes on to apply the criticism to other situations; the huntsman runs with the hounds and not with the hare, we can "tame" the Himalayas by taking a vest pocket snap, distance of deed or view lends enchantment and kills passionate participation; it is a theme touched on or elaborated in several other poems. When next I am asked what war poets we have, I shall answer, Rodgers; for poetry written in wartime should present an attitude not merely to war, but to life; and *Awake! And Other Poems* does that. The duty of the writer, *as writer*, in wartime is to think more passionately, to resist cant, to give less to beauty and more to truth, to practise a harder introspection. That is the sort of resolve, I take it, with which Mr. Rodgers has grown up. It makes for an uncompromising and even, at the first glance, harsh style, but I don't think any alert reader of poetry could fail to recognise the quality of Mr. Rodgers's work. This is his first book, and it is remarkable; the long *Summer Holidays* is certainly one of the best poems that have appeared in England since the war.

I wish I could quote its 171 lines and leave them for the reader to walk round, stalk, meditate and enjoy on his own. The level of intelligence among poetry-readers would probably rise 50 per cent. if reviewers became discreet middlemen plumping for their choice and answering questions afterwards. However, I am supposed, as a critic earning his keep, to substitute myself for what I criticise, so here goes. *Summer Holidays* is the early giant's stride, the *Bateau Ivre*, the *Wreck of the Deutschland*, of this young poet. In it are all the themes of his previous work; natural beauty and the naked contact; the mob, the tramlines of innumerable modern lives, habits of servitude; these same lives lit by electricity as they escape in the evenings or on summer holiday. The clerk with a night-off trots, let's say, to the cinema, where his orderliness makes him a good queue-man; or he goes to the dogs, and "going to the dogs" has acquired a literal meaning these days:

> . . . note him standing in stadium rind
> Waiting for joy to be unconfined, wanting
> The electric hare let loose to recapture
> Its first fine careless rapture.
>
> Even here at the day's convenient halt
> And within its convolvulous ring,
> He has his own hugged track, his strangling string
> Of ingrained act, his railed and ready ease;
> And coiled in this roundabout and tail-chase
> Of private scope and escape is ever
> The spin of flesh on the spindle of bone
> Concentring all, with its brute ambitions,
> Its acute and terrible attritions.

The poem goes on to its pictures of leisure, of the tragic and futile stirrings of the heart, and into this film is poured a profusion of surprising and exact images. It is perhaps a moralist's vision, but he is obsessed, held by the spectacle.

> So out of pent city and inland pit
> They nose and slide by easy rut and rail
> To distant sea-edge, spreading boldly
> On sand-dunes, or lolling on piers
> (The leash-ends of land),
> Or, in pairs, pacing slowly, posing as idlers
> Till the last hill hides
> Them, and they hurry deliberately
> On to the Land's End and hilt's halt of heart's desire.
>
> Longing to skip over the edge of scope
> They look out all day at the far islands,
> Or scan with glass the slipping distances
> To where, bold in some enormous valley,
> Walled and bottomed by the swinging water,
> The cormorant squats; or between tide-lines
> They march for miles searching for shells, leaping
> Back when the swan-neck wave pours down and pounds
> Out to yellow hissing beaks at their feet.

Re-read that last stanza, with its concluding thunder and hiss of the wave, and you'll begin to catch the music, as individual as the vision, of this poet. There is largesse as well as austerity in his writing. "The spin of flesh on the spindle of bone Concentring all . . ."—that has already been quoted. Elsewhere in this volume:

> There, wrapped in his own roars, the lone airman
> Swims like a mote through the thousands of eyes
> That look up at him ironing out the skies,
> Frocked and fanged by fire, by nagging fingers
> Of guns jagged and jogged, with shell-bursts tasselled. . . .
>
> . . . sitting in rooms,
> Fitting, with cold tongs of reason and wit,
> The hot hates and sticky loyalties
> Of our day. . . .
>
> So they went, leaving a picnic-litter of talk
> And broken glitter of jokes, the burst bags of spite:
> In comes Contempt the caretaker, eye on ceiling,
> Broom in armpit, and with one wide careless cast
> Sweeps the stuttering rubbish out of memory,
> Opens the shutters, puts out the intimate lamp,
> And, a moment, gazes on the mute enormities
> Of distant dawn. And far doors bang in mind, idly.
>
> Noisily
> On the sleeked lake onlookers lingered in ring
> Round the single and deferent skater lean-
> Ing over in flight, like grass slanted by wind,
> Foot-engrossed, locked in his own looking-glass
> Of conscious joy and evident finery
> Of movement, forgetful of outer voices . . .
> . . . So he slid on, as we all do,
> Forgetting the morrow, forgetting too
> The marrow of water in the bone of ice
> (Like the worm in the wood), the liquefaction
> And friction in all fixed things, virtue in vice,
> The bomb domanial in the dome of blue.

Such assurance and individuality of speech are rare indeed in a first volume of poems. There are strong influences, but mostly they have been assimilated and become part of the writer's own energy. Auden: there's no need to insist on his example, without which Rodgers wouldn't be able to pack together worlds as he does; but the kaleidoscopic imagery is more orderly and no less intense. Hopkins is the preponderant influence. In the first of the four quotations above, we have touches of almost pure Hopkins; in the fourth, Hopkins re-read and digested. I could point to other passages which have their direct source in Hopkins (where, for example, the poet peers through five fingers at the landscape); but though Hopkins is Mr. Rodgers's book, the reference is instinctive and not a casual borrowing. He uses pivot-words and blocks of assonance; he eliminates, where possible, without distortion, that most clogging and neutral of monosyllables, "the" (thugh); he draws a picture and draws a moral; these devices he has learnt and developed from Hopkins, but Hopkins's rhythms, inversions and portmanteau words (which are foreign to him) he wisely doesn't touch. Along with this indebtedness go faults: a too clenched alliteration, a tendency to harden metaphor into emblem. But on the whole, overwhelmingly, Rodgers has gained from the apprenticeship.

One test of the good writer is this: open the dictionary before him at any page and he will tell you at once which among several hundred words are words especially his. One feels this in reading Rodgers—not only in his choice and placing of unusual words ("nonillions of snow," for example); not only in a couple of pieces reflecting an obsession with words; but in the stress of meaning that the commonest noun or verb may gather from his use of them. "Slide" is such a word in these poems: it acquires almost the queer emphasis of Marvell's "green." This may seem a small point, but it helps to clinch my opinion of Rodgers's talent. It doesn't matter that not all these poems are successes, that there are repetitions and obstinacies in his work. I'll back him, on the evidence, to go as far as Auden and beyond.

G. W. STONIER

* *Awake! And Other Poems.* By W. R. Rodgers. *Secker and Warburg.* 5s.

BRUNO HEILIG'S

MEN CRUCIFIED

The Publishers have received a letter from an internee in the Isle of Man from which the following extract is quoted. The letter is fully signed, but the writer wishes to remain "a fellow prisoner of Mr. Heilig."

"In both the infernos, Heilig belonged to the few men who has been for a lot of us a real comfort and an encouragement . . . while the most of us often submerged into a nearly hopeless indifference, Heilig never lost his courage, his ironical humour, his humanity, his dignity, and, above all, his clear-sighted and superior judgment of the European situation. This book should be given to everyone who doesn't yet know what is at stake."

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Mr. Herbert Read and his publishers deserve well of the educated public. They have set out to do what should have been done years ago, that is to produce a series of volumes devoted to the more important English painters, each to contain a short critical monograph, a full chronological catalogue, and as many photographic reproductions in black and white as possible: three hundred plates accompany the Reynolds volume and a hundred and fifty-seven the Bonington. It is an extraordinary pleasure to find in a modern English "art-book" this abundance of sound, informative illustration, appealing to the scholar, the critic and the man of taste, instead of a few coloured counterfeits, appealing to God knows whom. Here, at last, is something which is a credit to us all and should raise the reputation, not only of British painting but of British scholarship and of British publishing too.

Probably it was right to begin with Reynolds; for Reynolds is, I suppose, the best known British painter. Also, in my opinion, he is the smallest artist that was ever blown out to the bulk of a master. But an artist he was; he cared for painting as only an artist can and on occasions he painted charmingly. He was a lamentable draughtsman. On the other hand, as Mr. Waterhouse points out, he wrote about the art better than anyone else who lived in the eighteenth century. Mr. Waterhouse is under no illusions: he overpraises the first president no more than is seemly or at least prudent. Perhaps he does not quite realise, or at any rate does not encourage the reader to realise, that as a designer Reynolds was inept. Of a single figure, of two even, he could sometimes make an attractive picture; but when three or four were gathered together he fumbled like any other duffer. As it was his ambition to compose in the grand manner, and as he was for ever declaiming about the importance of composition, this defect was rather serious. If only, before going to Rome, he had gone to the low countries and taken Vermeer for master, he might have enriched the world with still lifes and genre pieces, intelligently studied and tastefully elaborated, instead of cumbering England and America with a deal of distinguished but expensive furniture. Just how much the English tradition of painting, and British culture generally, would have lost by the exchange, it is hard to say. But this must be said: Reynolds is to a considerable extent responsible for Victorian royal academism in its most pompous and pelting manifestations—the grandiose anecdotic and the stodgy theatrical. This is a hard saying; but one which anybody who will look at Plates 19, 67, 70, 76, 77, 125 and 126 will find it difficult to rebuff.

Whereas twenty-nine pages of introduction are devoted to Reynolds, seventy-nine are devoted to Bonington. This is as it should be. The facts of Reynolds's life are well known; and of critical, or would-be critical, appreciation we have more than enough. But only those who have studied Dubuisson and Hughes know anything about the career of Bonington; and Mr. Shirley, if not the first, is almost the first to attempt seriously to distinguish what is by Bonington from what might be by Bonington, and to give a plausible account of his artistic development. The task is fiendishly difficult: Bonington was not twenty-six when he died, and already he had influenced as much as he had been influenced. Also, for once, this question of influencing and being influenced is of some interest, for Bonington stands at the crucial point of modern art—the point of departure. As everyone knows, it was in 1824 that Constable showed a group of pictures in the *Salon*, and these pictures had an effect on Delacroix which Delacroix never dreamed of denying. But already Delacroix was the friend of Bonington, through whom, at one time or another, he became acquainted with the work not only of Constable but of Turner, the Fieldings, and possibly of Girtin. In 1825 the two young men shared a studio, and we happen to know what the Frenchman thought of this association—"il y a terriblement à gagner dans la societé de ce luron-là, et je te jure que je m'en suis bien trouvé." Meanwhile, both were being affected by the study of Rubens and the example of Géricault, who had died untimely the year before.

To what extent the art of Bonington is to be reckoned English is another delicate question. He learned from his father, a seedy drawing-master at Nottingham, and from Francia, a pupil, or at least a friend, of Girtin. But he went to live in France when he was fifteen; he is said to have studied under Gros; assuredly he was as much influenced by Géricault and Delacroix as by Constable and Turner: and in Paris he made his mark. Later he went to Italy and was deeply impressed by the Venetians, but that does not touch this particular question, which is: Who were the founders of the Colourist Movement—the movement from which descended, directly or indirectly, all serious painting in Europe till Picasso, joining forces with the spirit of Ingres, threw the engine into reverse—and what share of influence should be assigned to each of the claimants in chief, Rubens, Géricault, Constable, Delacroix and Bonington? The question remains: so you perceive that Mr. Shirley has his work cut out. I will say only that he sets about it—the attempt to establish a chronology, to detect and to define influences, to verify references and explode traditions, to distinguish between the authentic and the work of comrades or forgers, in a word, to sift the wheat from the chaff—with intelligence, taste, good judgment and good humour, and, rarest quality of all perhaps, modesty.

I do not think Bonington can be called a great artist; but he was one of the most gifted of a greatly gifted age, endowed with facility which, combined with illness, proved finally his undoing. At his best, it seems to me, he was always the descendant of Girtin, a water-colourist at heart, with all the virtues and vices of the mystery. And yet it is hard to believe that the portrait of a jockey in Mr. Turner's collection is not the work of one who might have become a great artist and a master of oils. This picture, however, stands by itself. More often, when he is using oil-paint as an oil-painter, he is the brilliant, silly Romantic, who trades in Henris, Trois and Quatres, in Francois Premiers and Amy Robsarts. If Girtin and Constable were his good genii, Scott and Byron were his evil. They were capable of turning him into something that barely merits the name of painter, a thing that uses forms and colours merely to record literary and historical fancies. For the rest, everything came too easily to him—conceptions, means of realising them, success. What would he have made of it all had he lived? That is what they call an idle question, and I am glad they do; for I have no idea what I should say if I thought it my duty to reply. Constable, with his wonted acumen and ill-nature, perhaps said the last word, or something near it:

> You do me an injustice in supposing I despise poor Bonnington. I despise no man—but Collins the Royal Academician. Can you give me a print or two of Bonnington's to convince you that I don't wholly overlook him. But there is a moral feeling in Art as everything else. It is not right in a young man to assume great dash—great compleation—without study—or pains.

CLIVE BELL

Kabloona

by GONTRAN de PONCINS

INTRODUCTION BY ERIC LINKLATER

'I doubt whether the Eskimos have ever been more brilliantly portrayed than they are here by a French scientist who lived with them in their igloos in King William Land above the Arctic Circle in 1938-39. It is an epic of a strange people with manners incomprehensible to the West; they are amoral Communists who have no sense of property, willingly lend their wives to a friend or share them on a happy free-for-all basis.

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DETECTION

Evil Under the Sun. By AGATHA CHRISTIE. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.

Maigret Sits it Out. By GEORGES SIMENON. *Routledge.* 8s.

Red Threads. By REX STOUT. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.

She Faded into Air. By ETHEL LINA WHITE. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.

The Woman in Red. By ANTHONY GILBERT. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.

The Twenty-one Clues. By J. J. CONNINGTON. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 8s. 3d.

Who Killed Netta Maul? By FRANK ARTHUR. *Gollancz.* 8s.

Evil Under the Sun is another of Mrs. Christie's chess problems, a murder in two moves. A madly attractive, silly woman is throttled on a beach, at a time when no one with any motive could have been there. There must be some funny business in the alibis, yet they all look soundly supported by unprejudiced outside evidence. From which we quickly deduce that all the outside evidence cannot be as unprejudiced as it appears to be: there must be a hook-up we had not noticed. Ah! here comes Mrs. Christie forging a sentimental link between two of the main suspects under our very noses. Just what we were expecting—the red herring. Now where's the genuine solution? And just at this point confidence ebbs. We have been caught by Mrs. Christie too often. We squint back over our shoulders at the red herring. Surely it was a little too obvious. Remember *The Mysterious Affair at Styles.* Or is it so obvious just to make us be too clever and jump to the wrong conclusion? Remember—but once you start remembering all the thirty odd times Mrs. Christie has misled you, you are utterly lost. She not only knows all the tricks of her trade, but naturally she uses them time and time again. She *has* used the plot of *Evil Under the Sun* before, but I am not going to tell on what occasion. But I will take this opportunity (when there is such a dearth of good detection that it is hard to find enough worthy of review) to reveal my recipe for Christies.

Style: A certain eager enthusiasm proclaims that she has thought up some new device—so look out! A languid style indicates that she has used the plot before.

Ingredients: She is the most economical writer of detection alive. Every fact has some bearing on the solution. There are no loose ends. The red herrings can always be distinguished from the genuine article by the fact that they tie up into neat knots, but never include *all* the data.

Characters: The weak spot in her armoury. Handsome, charming men and lively, attractive women are her favourite murderers. She is especially fond of husbands killing wives and *vice versa.* Men always tend to kill women and women men, but she is also partial to couples killing in collusion.

Motives: Either financial or sexual. If sex is harped on in the story, it is safe to plump for sex.

Flaws: She never shrinks from the wildest physical improbabilities. In a repeat version of a plot, such as *Evil Under the Sun,* when her interest flags a little, she sticks at nothing.

Ambiguity of Language: Her speciality. Statements are couched in a carefully misleading form. These are so smoothly introduced, often in what appears to be padding, that they are most difficult to detect, but once spotted they are infallible pointers to the villain.

Two out of three Christies can be solved by bearing this analysis in mind; yet such is her skill that the pleasure of seeing through it is even greater than that of being baffled by it. I can give no higher praise in detection.

The supply of Maigret is running low. In the second story included in *Maigret Sits It Out,* this affable old philosopher of ours has already retired from the Police Judiciaire to fish in the Loire, and grudgingly returns to Paris to get a nephew out of a scrape. M. Simenon has shifted the emphasis in this late Maigret period from crime and detection to character and atmosphere. *The Lock at Charenton,* the first story, gives a vivid picture of canal life in France, with an impressionist portrait in the centre, of Ducraw, the boss of the Paris waterfront. But you may well wonder why it should be called a detective story: the crime element is of tertiary importance. *Maigret Returns,* in which Maigret's inept detective nephew is framed for a murder in a night-club, circulates in a viscous medium of vice. Pimps, gangsters, shady police, prostitutes reveal their personalities one after another, but there is never a doubt about the murderer. For a moment, in the case of Fernande, the prostitute, Simenon wobbles dangerously on the knife-edge between sympathy and sentimentality, but his artistic discretion saves him.

A Rex Stout without Nero Wolfe is always a pleasure and a relief, because he seems to write better without the obligation to wisecrack in every sentence. *Red Threads,* however, is hardly detection. An eccentric millionaire is murdered in the mausoleum he has erected to his Cherokee Indian wife, and a Cherokee Indian grunts his way through the book, but the plot is just high-spirited, romantic nonsense that anyone can enjoy, barring the Indian love lyrics.

Women are beginning to vanish too easily for my liking. It is a nice trick the first time, but in authoresses becomes a tiresome habit. *She Faded Into Air* is vastly inferior to Miss White's earlier version *The Lady Vanishes,* and *The Woman In Red* to Anthony Gilbert's earlier version *The Vanishing Lady.* In *She Faded Into Air* two ladies fade out in succession on the landing of a block of Mayfair flats. This vanishing, if it is to be done at all, should occur quite simply and naturally to make its effect, but Miss White pulls out her *tremolo* stop remorselessly before the plot has begun to take shape. The note of hysteria is awkward to master. Quite easily nerves become jaded instead of frayed by anticipation. For once Miss White has produced a thriller which falters through excess of thrills. Anthony Gilbert's story is a straightforward bit of kidnapping. Although the lady vanishes from the West End of London we never lose sight of her in the clutches of *The Woman in Red.* A well-written, mildly exciting thriller.

The Twenty-One Clues is old-fashioned detection (and quite adequate, but no more) solved by Sir Clinton Driffield in his prosiest vein. Instead of probing the bewildering mountain of clues, many readers will take a short cut by glancing at the characters of the persons involved. Sir Clinton can be trusted only to convict cads.

Who Killed Netta Maul? is an exotic from Fiji. Netta Maul was the prettiest half-caste tart Suva had experienced for many a long day. Her body was recovered in a sack from the reef before the sharks had had their bite. There is a plan of Suva, a deal of time-tabling, a bunch of local characters and Inspector Spearpoint, with which to work. I like the expatriated society of Punjabis, Chinese, "blacks" (Fijians, I suppose) and Australians. But detection boils down to much the same in Fiji as in Sir Clinton's Home Counties. If anything, it is even easier with the aid of Spearpoint's phenomenal memory. If only the sharks had got her!

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professional scientific attitude of forging ahead in research, without stopping to think where science and humanity are going, is becoming out of date, and is being replaced by a new attitude in which the spirit of discovery is combined with reflection on its implications and uses, in a more balanced and wiser conception of human life.

In the light of this development, the history of science is becoming a major subject of study, and it is possible to forecast that if the progressive powers win the present conflict, some of the most remarkable achievements during the next fifty years in the field of learning will be accomplished in this subject. It is time that the universities and the foundations started to prepare for this new function and ornament which they will be expected to cultivate.

In this situation, the appearance of a book for the scientist and general reader by the leading British historian of science is particularly appropriate. Dr. Singer has aimed at selecting and expounding the chief discoveries in science since Ionian times to the middle of the nineteenth century. He does not devote much space to the discussion of the nature and origin of science. He regards it as the outcome of an irresistible thirst of the soul that demands an explanation of the world in which it finds itself, and is the motive of religion and the study of history besides the advancement of science. He points out that science is more than a body of knowledge.

While Dr. Singer makes some illuminating remarks on the relation of the development of science to human needs other than those of the soul, he does not enlarge on the problem. But his insistence on the impossibility of separating knowledge from the process of discovery provides the basis for a proper approach to this relation. The notion of a body of knowledge which seems to be independent of human beings is specious but attractive. Its illusory nature becomes clear, however, if the impossibility of separating the process of discovery from the body of knowledge is firmly grasped. For the process of discovery is very definitely a practical human activity, which must occur within the conditions of ordinary social life. No practical human activity is independent of the social circumstances under which it is performed, though mental reflection appears to approach this condition. It may be difficult to trace the influence of social circumstances on philosophy, but it is impossible to understand the development of experimental science without examining them.

Dr. Singer's book is a feat of condensation of exact information. He has placed the main discoveries before a background of masterly sketches of the intellectual climates of the succeeding periods. He finds mental coherence the distinguishing feature of the scientific activity of the Ionian period. The Athenian period is interpreted as an adventure in search of unitary systems of thought. The divorce of science and philosophy was the characteristic of the Alexandrian period, and was accompanied by a failure of intellectual nerve. Under the Romans science became the handmaid of practice and was accompanied by a failure of inspiration. This was followed by a general failure of knowledge in the Dark Ages. The revival of learning began with an attempt to re-acquire ancient learning, and was accompanied by a revival of the direct study of nature. This development flowered in the insurgent scientific spirit of the seventeenth century, which set the form that science has followed ever since.

Dr. Singer marshals an immense range of facts with the utmost skill into his scheme. He could not have succeeded in ordering so much detail if ripe scholarship had not enabled him to command the data easily. The quality of his learning is seen to particular advantage in the sections dealing with the history of biology. For instance, he starts his concise discussion of the theory of evolution with comments on the derivation and the meaning of the word. It is pointed out that the Latin word *evolvere* means to unroll. In classical usage, *evolutio* acquired the meaning of "the opening of the records." In the Vulgate, it is used most often to designate the passage of time as marked by the revolving heavens. As scrolls were replaced by books, derivatives of *evolvere* had little application in the later Middle Ages, and no form of it occurs in the Authorised Version of the English Bible. The word *Evolution* was given currency in modern literature by the Cambridge Neo-Platonists, and Henry More wrote in 1667 that "The whole Evolution of ages, from everlasting to everlasting, is represented to God at once." Newton was in Cambridge at that time, and had two or three years previously first conceived the calculus and gravitation.

Search of the writings of Leibnitz, Diderot, Kant and others reveals extensions of More's use of the word. Oken and the "Naturphilosophen" applied the word in connection with their doctrine of ideas, and Coleridge probably reimported the word from this source in his remark that "the sensible world is but the evolution of Truth, Love and Life or their opposites in Man." Such passages as these raise a fine vista of ideas. In passing, one may interpose that Marx and Engels, while developing their evolutionary theory of history, studied in an atmosphere which was affected by the ideas of Oken.

Dr. Singer has written a non-technical, concise and well-ordered history of science which will for long remain an indispensable introduction to the subject.

J. G. CROWTHER

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THE VOICE OF GERMANY

Thus Spake Germany. Edited by W. W. COOLE and M. F. POTTER. *Routledge.* 10s. 6d.

A nation is an historical entity whose structural characteristics have so far never been analysed with an exactitude similar to that by which it is possible to demonstrate that 2 x 2 = 4. Sociologists, political scientists and historians still struggle with the problem of the nation as they have always done throughout the nineteenth century. This is the underlying, purely scientific difficulty which has made recent discussions about the national character of the Germans so controversial, apart from its evident political implications. Lord Vansittart, the author of *Black Record*, has written a foreword to a book entitled *Thus Spake Germany*, for whose compilation and editorial comments Messrs. W. W. Coole and M. F. Potter are responsible. Lord Vansittart merely repeats his thesis that the vast majority of the Germans have always been war-minded. He admits the possibility of a German re-education though he does not think that it will be a short cure through which the defeated Germans have to go. England is "at war with the German nation because our real enemy is German militarism." There can be no doubt German militarism must be finally crushed and crushed it will be.

Thus Spake Germany provides, to use his Lordship's expression, the "fever-chart" of the German nation. The chart is indeed impressive and worked out with great industry, whether with reason we still have to find out.

German statesmen, generals, writers of all kind, philosophers, jurists, theologians, university teachers are chosen as witnesses to prove that Germany's *Weltanschauung*, her aims in international politics, her method of waging wars, her behaviour in defeat and her treatment of peoples she has defeated herself have fundamentally not changed since the times of Frederick the Great.

Nobody will deny the accuracy of the chosen quotations, but I do not think it would be difficult to select pages from Wilhelm von Humboldt, Goethe, Georg Buechner, Hoelderlin, Jacob Grimm, Dahlmann, Windthorst, Max Weber, Hugo Preuss, Buening, Otto Braun, Hermann Mueller (to refer only to a few names whom our diligent compilators have not even mentioned), which would prove just the opposite of what this book is out to prove. It is not proper historic research to pick out two of three lines from *Freiherr vom Stein*, Ebert or Rathenau, leaving aside everything else these men have done or lived for.

This haphazard method will never help us to understand the complexity of the German national character. Why do our authors not give documents which illustrate the struggle between the German Liberals and Bismarck, or between the German Catholics and the "Iron Chancellor"; why do they claim that Bismarck had "the full support" of the German people? Moreover, it is a scandalous distortion of history when the authors write in their introduction: "Leaders of the Weimar Republic are by no means omitted, for it, too, was dominated by the same spirit, though this spirit was concealed behind ostensibly pacifistic and conciliatory tendencies. The German reptile is quite ready to crawl when it thinks itself threatened." I recommend our authors to read Otto Braun's *Memoirs*. Perhaps they would then regret using such language. Otto Braun was for almost fourteen years Prime Minister of Prussia and he and his friends were sincere Europeans. I have known them. These men have certainly made great political mistakes, but neither Braun, nor Ebert, nor Mueller, nor Rathenau who was shot because he was trying to bring about an

understanding with the West were "reptiles." And the German workers? I cannot, of course, compete with Lord Vansittart's knowledge of international affairs, but I know more than he about German workers because I have lived with them. They were betrayed by their leaders, but the majority of the German Social Democratic workers and their comrades of the Trade Union movement were beaten within Germany in the same way as France was beaten last year. They still have preserved to a large extent old loyalties which must only be fed with *a new and dynamic belief* that even Germany has a future in a sounder Europe.

One must admit that German militarism has shaped German political thought in the course of the last 150 years. Its brute and dangerous form is overwhelmingly illustrated by the present book. Prussia has conquered Germany. Moreover, the lack of Romanising influence, the Lutheran doctrine of State obedience, the effects of the Thirty Years' War, the reaction caused by the Napoleonic invasions, 100 and more years of tradition of a conscript army, Germany's geographical position—all these and many other causes explain that even in Liberals like Max Weber the militarist tradition can be traced: *Zwei Seelen fühl' ich, ach, in meiner Brust!* Yet the Western Liberal or perhaps better humanitarian element has been powerful in Germany though defeated by events. It may come to life again if we give it chance to rebuild what German militarism has wantonly destroyed.

Peoples *can* be re-educated if they educate themselves. Was not nineteenth-century France war-minded under two dictators? And has France not undergone a profound change too? What applies to France *might* also apply to a future Germany.

It would seem to be dangerous to isolate the "militarist" tradition in Germany or contrariwise the "Liberal or humanitarian" tradition and label each attitude as the essence of the German national character. Its difficulty lies in its *mixed* composition. Here *Thus Spake Germany* utterly fails.

This war is *not* a war between nations. If Europeans and American statesmanship in 1918 had understood that there was no possibility of returning to the world of 1914, the present war would never have broken out. It would have been easy to prevent a second world-war, if we had learnt the lesson of the first one.

The late Élie Halévy has taught us that from 1914 dates a new epoch of European civilisation with new problems for which new solutions had to be sought. He, too, was an historian. Let us live up to his wisdom and knowledge.

GEORG TROELTSCH

BOUQUET

Good Company. Edited by ARTHUR STANLEY. *Gollancz.* 3s. 6d.

Mr. Arthur Stanley, who has just produced his eighth anthology, has chosen a most enviable occupation. The London Library, we presume, is the inexhaustible nursery-garden through which he is continually erroneous (in the first sense of that word), picking here a Victorian petunia, there a spray of Roman laurel, contrasting the most familiar of cabbage-roses with some hitherto unexhibited and tropical bloom. His new bouquet ranges from Han Yü to Y. Y., including both the H. Walpoles and such obscure authors as Samuel Lover, Edmund Trench, Thomas Churchyard, Thomas Dollam and J. A. Gardner. He is chiefly concerned with human frailties, the boisterousness of boys, the energy of women, the conceit of men, the pedantry of scholars, and the vindictiveness of authors. There are pleasing accounts of celebrated parties—Wordsworth getting drunk in Milton's room at Christ's, Pepys entertaining Lord Hinchingbroke, Sir Roger being round to Fox-hall, Horace Walpole in the Mall with Lord Petersham and a very foolish Miss Shane, Candide at the Venice ordinary with six kings, John Knightley going to dinner with Mr. Elton, Mr. Porter entertaining Gowing, Cumming and Mr. Perkupp. Here is a specimen of the less familiar flora:

> *The Irish actor, Charles Macklin, having boasted that he could learn anything by rote after reading it once, his English rival, Samuel Foote, handed him the following nonsense:—*
>
> So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage-leaf, to make an apple-pie; and at the same time a great she-bear, coming up the street, pops its head into the shop. "What! No soap?" So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber; and there were present the Picninnies, and the Joblillies, and the Garyulies, and the Great Panjandrum himself, with the little round button at top; and they all fell to playing the game of *catch as catch can* till the gunpowder ran out at the heels of their boots.

This comes from the *Quarterly Review* of 1859. A quotation from *Finnegan's Wake* shows the Irish getting their own back. Another rare blossom comes from a poet of whom we confess to have never previously heard, Cornelius Whur; he informs us that "lasting joys the man attend, Who has a faithful female friend." Thomas Churchyard's verses about a housemaid are so charming and nostalgic that a quotation must be given:

> She won the love of all the house,
> And pranked it like a pretty mouse,
> And sure at every word she spake
> A goodly curtsey could she make;
> A stirring housewife everywhere
> That bent both back and bones to bear.
> She never sleepèd much by night
> But rose sometimes by candle-light

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To card and spin, or sew her smock;
There would no sooner crow a cock,
But she was up to sleek her clothes,
And would be sweet as any rose.

This agreeable book provides many such pleasures, and our only regret is that Mr. Stanley does not give us more information about his recondite authors. R.M.

A FREE SOCIETY

Russia and Ourselves. By VICTOR GOLLANCZ. *Gollancz.* 2s. 6d.

To have written and published an honest, fresh and useful book on Anglo-Soviet relations within a few weeks of Hitler's invasion of Russia is a remarkable achievement. Mr. Gollancz re-examines Soviet foreign policy in the light of Germany's attack, and finds himself unable to pronounce with certainty on the justification of the Finnish War, which has at least given Leningrad a defensible frontier. On the German-Soviet pact Mr. Gollancz is explicit in condemning the policy of Britain and France, which confirmed Stalin's fears of a capitalist war against Russia, but remains sure that Stalin's decision to enter into a phase of benevolent neutrality to Nazi Germany was one of the decisive factors in hastening the war, that it made a Nazi victory an unpleasantly possible outcome of the war. M. Litvinov's speech of July 8th, which Mr. Gollancz quotes, is in itself adequate commentary on Stalin's pact with Hitler. To make a case for Stalin's foreign policy, however, is comparatively easy; far more difficult is to explain why the Communist Party here did not see that their policy was likely to lead to just that "switch" of the war against Stalin which they so much feared. Mr. Gollancz's chapter on the "Imperialistic War" is a masterly examination of the Communist "line." No one who reads this chapter, certainly no honest Communist, will wish any longer to defend the propaganda of the last two years. Mr. Gollancz's quotations are a sufficient refutation of Mr. Pritt's recent pretence that "revolutionary defeatism" was never really contemplated and that the object of the People's Convention was really always to defeat the Nazis. Mr. Gollancz ends this chapter by a full-length quotation of Mr. Pollitt's latest encyclical to Party officials urging full production and support of the Churchill Government "without reservation." This unqualified support of a capitalist, imperialist government is scarcely wiser than the former unqualified opposition; the war was always "imperialist" in one aspect, and it remains "imperialist" to that extent now that the Soviet Union is a belligerent. The right Communist line has surely always been support of the war, combined with a campaign to transform it into a "people's war against Fascism."

Mr. Gollancz makes a series of proposals for co-operating with the U.S.S.R., the most important of which is probably on the side of propaganda and political warfare. As a Left-Wing Socialist (Mr. Gollancz's own description of himself) he insists on defining Socialism as the combination of the technical revolution in the rights of property with the extension of individual and workers' freedom which the British Socialist has always put first of all. These two objectives are theoretically compatible, and the Left intelligentsia assumes that they can be effected together. In Russia the technical revolution has taken place, but the State has certainly not "withered away," and Mr. Gollancz insists that we want in the West no revolution of the Bolshevik type. Here Mr. Gollancz displays the uneasy balance which troubles the minds of all the British "Left." Individual liberty must come first in their scale of values; the necessity for a revolution in the rights of property (historically bound up so closely with the other rights of man, freedom from arbitrary arrest, free speech, publication and the rest) is equally clear. An unequal capitalist system denies real liberty to the many, apart from its technical incapacity to produce for them a decent standard of living and stability of employment. Here, and here only, in this book, can Mr. Gollancz be accused of shirking a difficult issue: "A Socialist society," he writes, "is above all a *free* society; a society in which every man and woman can freely develop his or her personality; a society in which there is economic, political, cultural and intellectual freedom; a society of liberty, equality and fraternity; a society, in a word, in the life and institutions of which the liberal tradition becomes embodied as a reality." Such a society cannot be built on a capitalist foundation: its pre-requisite is the abolition of private profit-making. But it is in order that a free and egalitarian and fraternal society must be built, and not for its own sake, that the economic revolution must be speeded. Well, that is what we want and mean by Socialism. But it is not obvious that the economic change will produce the liberty which Mr. Gollancz desires, nor indeed that it can be produced without great sacrifice of individual freedom.

TOM PAINE

R.A.F. at War. By the Staff of *The Aeroplane*, designed by WILLIAM BUCHAN. *Murray.* 6s.
Royal Navy at War. By VICE-ADMIRAL J. E. T. HARPER, C.B., M.V.O. *Murray.* 6s.
Action Stations. By REAR-ADMIRAL H. G. THURSFIELD. *Black.* 7s. 6d.
Engines of War. Produced in collaboration with the War Office. *Black.* 7s. 6d.

To-day in countless dismal camps there are thousands of sensitive intelligences only waiting for armistice day to shatter our illusions with their stories of potato-peeling, petrol stealing, filling and emptying sandbags, inefficiency, waste, profiteering and petty tyranny. They will be boring enough; we should enjoy the pretty photographs, which serve, like the guardsman's scarlet coat, as a camouflage for dreary days while we may. All four books are well considered and produced. Since tanks lack the romance of destroyers and Blenheim bombers, *Engines of War* is the heaviest going and the least rewarding. The serious amateur of ships and aircraft may deplore the absence of photographs of our newest ships and types (no George V, Beaufighter, Tornado or Stirling or anything of the sort). Admiral Harper's lecture on the navy is good exposition; the staff of *The Aeroplane* is tendentious and lively as ever. The ideal book of this type would contain more photographs and cost less.

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Every sphere has its "top-notchers," a small class quite by itself. In this front rank of Tobaccos Craven Mixture stands out boldly, established firmly upon its inherent worth and subtle qualities. Cool, fragrant and *wonderfully* satisfying, this is indeed a real Tobacco for "action" or "leisure."
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Week-end Competitions

No. 602

Set by V. S. Pritchett

The usual prizes are offered for a letter of explanation by an author to an acquaintance who has supposed himself to be the original of one of the author's characters. Contributors are invited to send such an explanation on any one of the following: Miss Austen to Mr. Collins; Shakespeare to Mr. W. H.; Dickens to Micawber; Molière to Tartuffe; Stevenson to Mr. Hyde; Wilde to Lady Bracknell; Shaw to Mrs. Warren; Proust to Charlus.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Monday, August 25th.
2. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 599

Set by L. Casaubon

The number of animal species domesticated by man is surprisingly small. A first prize of two guineas and a second prize of half a guinea are offered for the best suggestions, in not more than 16 lines of verse, for further experiment in domestication.

Report by L. Casaubon

One unforeseen difficulty in judging this competition has been to decide which animals have in fact been domesticated. One entrant, more oblivious than the animal of his choice, demands the domestication of the elephant, though every schoolboy knows that there have been tame elephants since the days of Hannibal. J. T. Woods, with similar carelessness, suggests the camel and the ferret. S. S.

Sharpless wants a tame cheetah: if he goes to India, he will have no difficulty in finding one. "Why not milk moose?" cries Gerald Summers, and out of reach of a library I cannot be sure whether moose are not milked. The number of species that competitors saw some use for is considerable, including aardvarks, alpacas, crocodiles, owls, eagles, whales, hyenas, spiders, onagers, sparrows, giraffe, lions, porcupines, jaguars, pelicans, platypuses, zebras, toads, foxes, gibbons, sloths, turtle, badger, antelope, bear, snake, rhinos, hippos, ocelots, yaks, cod, gnus, fleas, toucans, skunks, men and oysters. Incomparably the most popular suggestion has been the ostrich, because of Lord Woolton's skill in the disappearing egg trick. But has not the ostrich been domesticated? It certainly is farmed in South Africa, and so, of course, is the oyster at Whitstable. Unqualified to determine such nice points, I have accepted all suggestions (except the elephant and the camel) and tried to judge entries on their other merits. Miss P. R. Edgar, Medicus, Lawrence Freeman, and Stanley S. Sharpless, plump for the domestication of man. The idea is commendable. The kangaroo is, after the ostrich, the most popular. M. R. D. has a plan for recreating the unicorn by mating the zebra with the white goat; but of what use is the unicorn, except as a test for chastity? I like Miss M. Murray's opinion that "the penguin with his solemn gait at weddings could officiate." I also like a Hanworth demand for "a small-sized cow about as big as a goat." Stephen and Theodore Gang have good uses for the rattlesnake and the butterfly. Veritas wants glow-worms for table-decoration, William Bliss a mole the size of an elephant. (How welcome is Mr. Bliss's return!). N. B. puns about the pets that are to take the place "of reigning cats and dogs." Peter Hadley, Semper Wayne, W. H. Victory, Nancy Gunter, Richard Pomfret and Towanbucket are all in the running—the last seemed to think it an advantage that his ostrich could be fed upon barbed wire, as if barbed wire were not now far more difficult to procure than eggs. Miss Mabel Spencer's address to the ostrich in the style of Marlowe's Passionate Shepherd, gave me great pleasure, and R. S. Jaffray shares with her the third place. I recommend, for second prize, Guy Innes, whose verses are skilfully Victorian, and for first prize Miss Barbara Whitelaw, whose fancy is more eighteenth-century.

FIRST PRIZE

We'll train thee, gentle Whale, to tow
Our ships upon a string.
Across the shiny seas we'll go
The easy world to ring.

Thy lumping child we'll teach from birth
To be our docile friend,
Who all his life will prove his worth
(And blubber at the end).

When from wide pasture's salty tang
We have to coax thee in,
The captain on the bridge will bang
Some sardines in a tin. BARBARA WHITELAW

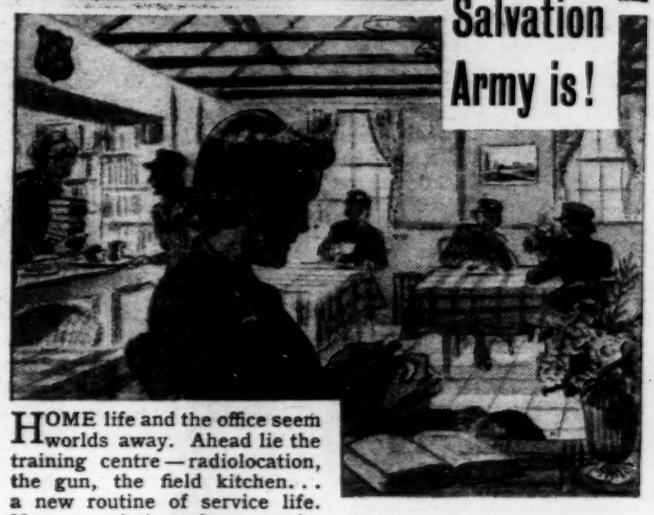
SECOND PRIZE

Domestication doubtless will achieve its final test
When the wearied Child is playing on the Cockatrice's nest:
But it's more utilitarian to take a shorter course
And domesticate the Zebra, than to camouflage the Horse.

We could cross the homing Pigeon with the talking Cockatoo
So the offspring might deliver verbal messages in lieu
Of the present cumbrous method, too circuitous by half,
Of tying written missives round the winged apostle's calf.

We might conscript the Woodpecker to join a Service force
And tap, with serviceable beak, code-messages in Morse:
We might instruct the Flying Fox to roost on aeroplanes,
And dive therefrom with slogans hatched by even foxier brains.

The Cheetah might be taught to cheat the Hun Intelligence,
The Tortoise trained to set the pace in methods of defence:
And Porcupines, combined with Squids, prepare, with ink and quills,
Exhaustive drafts (in triplicate) for Parliamentary Bills. GUY INNES



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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By URBANUS

NEXT TREASURY MOVE?—McDOUGALLS AND THE MILLERS—A.B. PICTURES AND WARNERS—STOCK EXCHANGE AND NICHOLSON'S

WHAT is to be the next move of the Treasury? The tap has been turned off the 2½ per cent. National War Bonds 1946/48, and no substitute has yet been offered. No doubt the Treasury expects to gain an advantage by waiting so that it can offer another 2½ per cent. stock at a longer date. There is certainly no need for the Treasury to hurry, the joint stock banks being extremely liquid—the ratio of their liquid assets to deposits has risen to the extraordinarily high level of 38 per cent., but it would be advisable later on to issue a stock which both banks and insurance companies can take with a maturity around 1950/51. 1952 should be kept clear because that is the year in which £2,000 millions of old War Loan can be called. If the Treasury succeeds in issuing a 9 to 10 year loan on a lower yield basis, I would regard it as a signal for investors to begin switching from the long-dated or undated stocks into the dated issues with medium maturity. Compare 2½ per cent. Consols at 81¼ to yield £3 1s. 9d, with 3 per cent. Funding 1959/69 at 100⅝ to yield 3 per cent. allowing for accrued interest. If interest rates were to fall one-quarter per cent. old Consols would rise to 88, and 3 per cent. Funding to, say, 104. But if interest rates were to rise, old Consols would have a much heavier fall, being undated, than 3 per cent. Funding. Is it worth while holding old Consols for this little extra appreciation if all goes well? Personally, I do not believe that the Treasury will try very hard to bring the rate of interest down further—what is the point when income tax removes 10s. in the £? And there is almost a certainty that after the war the rate of interest will not be as low as it is to-day.

* * *

Mr. Kenneth Moore reminded shareholders of McDougalls Trust this week that as long as the Excess Profits Tax remained at 100 per cent. the position of ordinary shareholders is virtually that of holders of non-cumulative preference shares (or second preference shares if there are prior charges) carrying a maximum rate of dividend governed by the pre-war standard. This is the realistic view, and for the period of the war it is not an unfortunate position for ordinary shareholders to occupy. They might have been very much worse off. Mr. Moore hinted that the negotiations between the Government and the milling industry had been concluded, and that the millers had been guaranteed a margin of profit which would not materially affect McDougalls. This implies that the margin of profit has been based upon the pre-war standard. The milling industry should, therefore, be regarded for the rest of the war as a sheltered trade and its equity shares, as Mr. Moore says, as non-cumulative preference shares with a post-war prospect probably brighter and more secure than that of industrial shares. Here are the milling yields :—

	Price	Dividend	Dividend Yield %
McDougall's Trust ...	28/-	10%	£7 3 0
Spillers Ord.	2⅛	15%	5 2 0
,, Def.	2½	15%	6 0 0
Ranks	16/6	if 16%	4 17 0
		if 18%	5 9 0

* * *

Some time ago I protested against the song and dance over the sale of the late John Maxwell's shares in Associated British Pictures Corporation to the Hollywood corporation—Warner Brothers. We are now asked by the financial press to believe that Mrs. Maxwell has sold two million out of her four million 5s. shares to Warner Brothers at about 9s. a share without handing over control. Believe me, with such a large interest in this circuit of 500 cinemas, Warner Brothers would be idiotic not to secure the appointment of a chairman and managing director agreeable to them and sympathetic to their policy of having a British "shop window" for Warner Brothers pictures. This firm is practically the only Hollywood corporation which has not stopped producing in Great Britain during the war. If Warner Brothers—thanks to the intervention of the Board of Trade—are to provide the Treasury with dollar exchange in effecting this purchase, and, at the same time, are to employ British labour at their Teddington studios, to make pictures which are more anti-Hitler than the best M.O.I. propaganda, I can see no cause for a Britisher to complain.

* * *

The Stock Exchange is watching the war spreading with some anxiety, particularly the war between Throgmorton Street and Sheffield. After September 5th, the Committee of the London Stock Exchange has decreed that the jobbing firm of Messrs. Cyril Nicholson of Sheffield, shall be a non-member and that members of the London Stock Exchange shall have no business relations with it. It may be quite true that Cyril Nicholson's firm jobbed on London. At the same time, it cannot be denied that it provided a market service which met the needs of investors in the industrial north who had no London brokers or connections. The Stock Exchange Committee should be reminded that it has no monopoly and no charter from the State to kill a legitimate business enterprise in stock jobbing in the Provinces. It is now up to Cyril Nicholson's firm to go out boldly for a rival Stock Exchange of the north, based on the provincial business of the country brokers and operating independently of Throgmorton Street. Good luck to it!

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Enterprising men and women who wish to prepare for post-war opportunities should consider the possibilities of the London University B.Sc. Econ. degree. Not only is it a valuable qualification for those seeking teaching or administrative posts under Education authorities; it also opens the door to statistical, research and welfare work in commerce and industry. The degree is open to all, without university residence. You may prepare for it at home under the experienced guidance of Wolsey Hall, and tuition fees may be spread over the period of the Course. 309 Wolsey Hall students passed London B.Sc. Econ. (External) exams., 1925-40.

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS

SIXTH International Youth Rally. Youth House, 250 Camden Road, N.W.1. 3 p.m. Subject: "Russia." Speakers: Tamara Rust and H. Hunter. Evening, Social. Admission 9d.

"WE MUST ACT NOW!" Com. E. P. YOUNG, R.N., on the People's Convention. Wed., Aug. 20th. 8.15. 153 Finchley Road, N.W.3. Free.

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Company Meeting

McDOUGALLS TRUST

Dividend maintained at 10 per cent.

MR. KENNETH MOORE'S STATEMENT.

THE eighth annual ordinary general meeting of McDougalls Trust, Ltd., was held on Tuesday in London. Mr. Kenneth A. E. Moore (chairman of the company) presided.

The following statement by the Chairman had been circulated with the report and accounts, and was taken as read :—

You will observe from the directors' report that we are able, for the fifth year in succession, to recommend a total distribution on the Ordinary shares of 10 per cent. This is made possible by the fact that the operating company—McDougalls, Ltd.—was successful in maintaining its profits in the trading year ended March 31st, 1941, at the level established for some years past. The selling price of McDougalls self-raising flour has remained at the pre-war figure, the smaller margin of profit having been offset by larger sales. The net profit, in fact, comes out at £248,588, after making provision for Excess Profits Tax, National Defence Contribution and contingencies.

This figure is almost identical with the company's pre-war standard of profits as now agreed with the Revenue authorities for purposes of Excess Profits Tax. It is important that you should know this, because, so long as Excess Profits Tax remains at 100 per cent., the position of Ordinary shareholders is virtually that of holders of Non-Cumulative Preference shares (or Second Preference shares if there are prior charges) carrying a maximum rate of dividend governed by the pre-war standard. In the case of Ordinary shareholders in McDougalls Trust, Ltd., that maximum, after making a modest allowance for contingencies, is for all practical purposes 10 per cent.—the rate of dividend to which you have become accustomed.

STRONG FINANCIAL POSITION

To return to the accounts of McDougalls, Ltd., it is unnecessary for me to refer in any detail to the various items in the balance-sheet. The financial position, judged by all ordinary standards, remains extremely strong. In a year of unparalleled difficulty and heavy air raids, the management, staff and workpeople have between them contrived to achieve the highest production in the history of the business.

You will see from a note on the face of the balance-sheet that the accounts are subject to adjustment by reference to the terms of any agreement which may hereafter be concluded with H.M. Government in relation to the control of flour mills as from the outbreak of war. Negotiations between representatives of the Government and of the milling industry have, it is understood, now reached an advanced stage, but for various reasons it appears unlikely that the agreement, when it emerges, will affect to any material extent the net profits of McDougalls, Ltd., as shown by the accounts for the last two financial years ended March 31st, 1941.

With regard to the current financial year, I can only say that business has been maintained at a peak level in the first quarter, and for the rest we must hope for the best and be prepared for the worst. The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

A Cornish War Medallist

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